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ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THE GREAT
AMERICAN GENIUS



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Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE TYPE OF

AMERICAN GENIUS

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE,

BY

RUFUS BLANCHARD.

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INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the first forms of written literature poetry was to be found. Why not? It is the measure of human emotions. It searches the heart and brings to light those subtle forces that make nations spring into existence and rise in grandeur. It is the propelling force that accumulates and concentrates power, and vitalizes this power into active use for universal good, and these were the first ambitions of man.

Nations go into decadence plethoric with physical wealth, but impoverished in the generous sentiment of which poetry is the inspiration; for they are like a body without a soul,—impotent to economize their own strength and make it harmonize with the general welfare necessary to their preservation.

The man whose sphere of influence is limited within the range of his immediate associations, may be measured in intellectual capacity by comparison with those who lived in his own time; but he who has left his impress on the age in which he lived, there to stand as an index of its genius, or as a gauge mark of human progress, must be measured

from the domestic and religious evolutions of the world's history, for these called him into being even from the mystic records of the past, as their force accumulated, to quicken national passions into the issues which he turns to a good account, when thrust into their arena, as a salutary measure for the state.

Such was Abraham Lincoln. The virtues of the American pioneer, nurtured into a ripe growth by his early training, were his inheritance by birth. This inheritance blended with the element drawn from the nursery of New England as it found its way to the border; and the two made his full rounded-up character, composed of the most precious materials that old and new states afforded.

Only an ideal picture can verify this, because it sprang from the unwritten law which transcends the forum, the bench and the sword; and its depth must be measured through the passions and ambitions that constitute *the type of American genius*. What is this type? It is the mental force, the conscience, the destiny of the nation; and these begin their growth in the cradle and refine into maturity; not in the sunshine of flattery, not in the plenitude of luxury, but often from beneath the clouds of grief and adversity. Here grows the modest germ of power destined to direct the nation when a vital issue is thrust upon it, which makes it necessary to bring true merit to the front.

America, in her course along the highways of time, has passed through this fire safely under the guidance of Abraham Lincoln, whose keen and

facile sense gathered force to it from the tribunal of its best thoughts. Let us lift the veil from off the dress parade of jurisprudence and see these thoughts that constitute "the power behind the throne"—where they came from, and how they rose into prominence, timely and salutary in the hour of need.

Of the characters introduced in the work to represent these waves of thought as they rolled over the body politic, two stand prominent, the old man and Permilla. These characters are drawn from the best elements of every-day life, and are the incarnation of its virtues as they refined into exemplary models. Through their inspirations the end is reached, as will be seen in the following pages.



PROLOGUE.

A THOUGHT upon the stream of time is cast,
And floating on along its mystic shore
With gathering force as centuries are past,
It bears the fruit of ages gone before.

This is the imaged temple of the mind
Of universal man, with science fraught ;
The great inheritance to him consigned
By Time's unfolding scroll before him brought.

As late along its ever flowing stream
Across the ocean's main a nation grew ;
Under the genius of a new regime
It raised the flag of freedom born anew.

And justice crowned the infant nation's brow
With laurels from the forum and the field ;
While nature's gifts with plenteousness endow
Its fields of harvest with a golden yield.

But later still, when freedom's sacred name
Was tarnished by a tyrannous decree,
Its living fires kindled to a flame ;
And blood and carnage held a revelry.

See now the son of Inspiration rise
Amidst the tide of battle's angry strife,
While grateful shouts of triumph rend the skies
Over the nation's renovated life !

He was the type and genius of his age,
Reared in the school of bounteous nature's lore,—
The ruler, hero, counselor and sage,
Whose honor to the mantle which he bore

Grew through the training of the nation's heart
Since first its councils in the forum ruled,
Incarnate in the love that shares its part,
In public virtue from the cradle schooled.

No vain pretensions faltered on his tongue
Beneath a subtle implication hid,
But jocund naïveness on his accents hung
Consistent with the actions which he did.

The monument that rises o'er his grave,
To freedom's cause an everlasting shrine,
Shall memorize the sentiment that gave
The law that's written by a hand divine.

As future time uncoils her endless chain,
And generations fall beneath the sod,
Immortally his words shall live again
Like sacred echoes from the voice of God.

CANTO I.

CONCEALED in nature's close recluse,
A goose-quill wooes the yielding Muse ;
Twin offspring bless the wedded pair,
And tuneful numbers fill the air.

Visions of life before the eye
Dance like a Nymph and vanish by
Glowing and glimmering like a flash
As onward in their flight they dash.

Of imagery the pantomime,
The inward view of man's design,
Unseen except the veil behind
That shadows every human mind.

Now pray, dear Muse, stray up time's stream,
And from the past let visions gleam,
And with your song inspire the quill ;
The obedient Muse replied—" I will."

From the old tombs she sought the Gnome
Who dallies round where muses roam,
And from the specter took a cast
Preserved by shadows of the past.

Then spread her wings and cleft the blue,
And into mortal sense she flew ;
The light of ages streaked the van
As through the quill the Muse began :—

Four centuries past a virgin world unknown,
Like beauteous statues in a rough hewn stone,
In solemn silence slumbered all alone.

No paleface hears the sound when thunders roar,
No fields revive when genial showers pour,
No ship is wrecked when tempests lash the shore.

The crickets sing, but not beneath the hearth,
The little birds send forth their songs of mirth
As if they held the land by right of birth.

No ax resounds within the forests green,
No humming mill is heard or cottage seen,
No moving ships upon the lakes serene.

In solemn silence stand the lofty trees
Whose towering tops wave gently in the breeze—
Support the eagle's nest and house the bees.

Unnumbered autumns had profusely spread
Beneath their mottled shades a leafy bed,
And streams unnumbered through their mazes led.

The haughty savage plumes his scalp-lock here
Unconscious still of danger or of fear,
While on the chase he kills the flying deer.

E'en here within a savage breast is shown
Naïve reverence for a deity unknown,
Except through nature's mystic book alone.

The ocean was a solitary tide ;—
A pathless wilderness ;—unknown—untried ;—
In silent grandeur hid and mystified.

The Book of Fate now coming to the light—
As time its pages open to our sight—
Reveals a nation rising in her might.

Some wise men in the East in times gone by,
Had read the secrets of the starry sky,—

Revealed the zodiac signs and marked the spheres
Of planets in their ever rolling years.

High in the heavens there stood an index star,—
The nucleus of the firmament afar,—
A light to mark the center of the pole
Round which the heavenly bodies seem to roll ;—
A light to guide the mariner o'er the seas
Beyond the pillars of old Hercules.
While kings and princes in that chivalric age
Wasted their strength in battle's venomous rage
To fight for dogmas, which have long ago
Been banished from the lists of earthly woe.

Under the guidance of this central star,
Aspiring Genius mounts the ocean's crest
And carves his name where living glories are,
As he unveils the treasures of the West.

And when the fifteenth century died away,
Resplendent glory crowned her twilight gray ;
New fields for science now are brought to light
And up, ambition quickens at the sight,—

Old superstitions bow before the fate
Of empires rising in the wave-bound world
Beyond the reach of bigotry and hate,
Where freedom's banner is to be unfurled
Amidst the wilds majestic o'er the seas,—
The ocean's balance ;—the antipodes
Of the old orient, whose dates disclaim
The late chronology of the christian name.

Now for the West the adventurous sail is spread
By Spaniards, French and sturdy English led.
The Spaniards, in their search for golden sands,
Ransack the temples made by Aztec hands,
And scour each coast along the virgin shore,
Insatiable with greed to gather more.

Up the deep streams the Frenchmen force their way
With swords and crosses joined in one array,
To win with one alone, or both combined,
The land that hitherto had been a blind
Expanse entombed in mystery ;—
A world of wanton waste unknown to history.

Across the ocean's breast the English bore
The rights of Magna Charta, and the lore
Of generations in the service spent
In learning science on the continent.
Through many an ambushed path and bloody plain,
They penetrate the wilderness domain,
Spread out beneath a canopy of green,
Where shining lakes and rivers intervene.
The conquered savage breathes a hopeful prayer
To the great Spirit whose protecting care
Has ever watched him from that "equal sky
To which his dog shall bear him company."
But now in vain he plights the sacrifice,
In vain he fights, in vain he prays and dies.
Nor leaves behind a monument to tell
How on the battle field he bravely fell.
His conquerors the only history write
How he was vanquished in the unequal fight.

Religion, law and science take the place
Inherited from his departed race.
In science all the world at once agree ;
For in its sunny fields no mystery
Is hidden from the analyzing mind ;—
Its range is free, its research unconfined
As through the plenitude of boundless space
It measures out each planet in its place.

Not so with law or with religious lore,
'Tis true they both one common God adore,

This nature teaches as her great command
From her own book which all can understand.
But how this God to man reveals his will,
Or how we may his just designs fulfill,
These are the problems that diversify
And oft perplex our faith for reasons why
That this or that should measure out the love
That's due from man below to God above.

There is a measure in a spiritual sense
To mortal wealth in just benevolence ;
Not always he who makes the ready prayer,
Weighed in this sense, can die a millionaire,—
But those whose charities are broad and sweet ;
Who walk the narrow way with willing feet ;
Who live and breathe not for themselves alone
Like hermits to the love of man unknown.

These are the millionaires who cross the stream
And carry with them to the new regime,
Securely, to that land of nobler gains,
The adornments which a spotless life maintains.
Their souls in heaven take the highest place,
And gather nearest to the Throne of Grace ;
Their presence still we feel while on our way,
To guide our footsteps lest we go astray.

When the new world was shown to mortal eyes,
And barbarism had paid its sacrifice,
A Council then was held in heavenly space,
To turn the ambition of the human race
To nobler fields of culture and of weal,
Which science might explore or art reveal.
To this great end the angels with the Muse
Met with these spirits to unseal their views.

Beyond the reach of telescopic view
The spectral delegates together flew,

Nor tarried till they reached the distant spheres,
Where comets dance to balance the arrears
In equilibrium lost in sun or star,
Lest from its orbit it should go ajar.
Here in the far-off realms of space untold,
Enveloped in a cloud of vaped gold,
These guardian angels of our tiny earth
Sat in grave council o'er a nation's birth.
In the broad wilds between two oceans' foam,
Where wandering exiles there might find a home —
And leave behind the tyrannous refrain
That rankles through the inquisition's chain,
And cringes in the shadow of a rod
Raised o'er the conscience in the name of God.

The rival nations represented there
Were the three powers of England, Spain and
France,

Whose spiritual delegates with each a prayer
Set up their varied claims in suppliance
Before the majesty of Heaven's decree
That holds the world within its destiny.
The issue hung not on imposing power
That rides tumultuous with the moving tide,
Nor with the servile voices of the hour
To witless brains and clannish rights allied,
Shouting along the paths of by-gone fame
In quest of honor through an empty name ;—
These are the vanities that mortals tempt,
But from which Heavenly Councils are exempt.

Oh ! rulers of the nations, bond or free,
If from your eyes the scales of time could fall,
And into Heavenly Councils you could see
The compensating force that offsets all
The evil deeds and selfish aims of man,
In all the ages since the world began,

With circumspection you would wear the crown,
And through the ends of justice seek renown.
Where is the plighted faith your lips have sworn,
And where the laurels which your crowns have worn?
Forgotten—vanished with the passing hour,
That measured out the tenure of your power ;
While in some humble tenant of the earth,
Unknown to fame,—untitled from his birth,—
There rises in the distance from afar,
Resplendent in the heavens, a shining star,
The nation's hope of freedom to fulfill,
Obedient to the people's earnest will.

America, this man is yours to be
According to the will of Heaven's decree,
Recorded when the angels first began
To write the good and bad of fickle man ;
And when the bad so far transcends the good
That vice alone can stand where virtue stood.—
Then revolution in her wanton power
Uplifts her arm in vengeance to devour
What jurisprudence in her vain pretense
Has tried to substitute for common sense.

And now a moral hero let us find,
Who weighs in even scales with vision blind.

There was an artist strong of purpose,
Eccentric, faithful, loving and beloved
By all who live and grow
In sweet affection's ways.
He lived, as artists often do,
In simple habitudes.
His board was frugal, and desire
Knocked ever at his door
Before supply was ushered in.
He never ate till hunger bade,
Nor rested until weariness did plead.

His simple cottage was adorned
Outside by nature's hand ;
Inside with easel, pallet, brush,
And canvas yet unfinished,
With queer devices gleaming o'er it,
Personifying deepest hate,
Revenge and desperate aims.
And all the passionate thrills
Which swell the human breast,
And all the holy thoughts
That devotees could think,
And all the sentiment
That sweet platonic love could feel
When the young heart is in its toils,—
These were the toys he played with
On the canvas.
What to him were wealth,
Position high, or fame ?
He had a silent charm
Which could o'ertop them all.
His ready stroke could stamp
A human face with guilt and shame ;
And woe betide the potentate
Whose faithless, wayward rule
Called forth his caricaturing
In his quizzing moods.
He had a daughter young and beauteous ;
She was his pride, his inspiration ;
Nor his alone—she won all hearts.
While yet so young, so kind, so artless
And obedient to her sire.
Wealth played the hopeless lover
At her feet, but naught availed.
“ None but an artist
Shall my daughter wed,”
Said the old man ;

But one there was whose passionate heart
Impelled him on to woo.
What were a few years' toil to him
To win so sweet a prize?
He bade the girl a languishing good-bye.
A stranger in a distant land,
Dead to the world and its allurements,
To everything but art and love,
He studied at the easel;
Whilom the years are spent,
And now, returned again,
He seeks the imaged place
With faltering steps, as if each one
Were measured by decades of thought,
In entities of moments.
He enters in * * * * *
Her smiles dispel his doubts;
But cruel fears arise.
What if the old man should captious be
And doom me back to serve again,
As Jacob served a second time for Rachel?
Unconscious what he did
While in these pensive moods,
He paints a fly upon the household picture.
'Twas just a little silly fly
With gossamer wings.
And now our Romeo hies himself away
And leaves his Juliet alone upon the balcony.
She watched her sire when he returned,
And as he drew his handkerchief
To brush away the fly, she says:
"Why pa, that's not a fly,
It's just a bit of ivory-black
That William put upon the scene.
Is he an artist, pa?"
Next came a priest;—

And William took away the girl,
With tender parting from her sire,—
Venerable with age and honor's strong embrace.

Night came, and like a canvas dark and wide
The heavens were opened to the old man's eyes,
And in the distance dimly he descried
A golden cloud in mystic form arise.

The gentle spirits only come at night,
When nature's busy toils are hushed to rest,
And quietude and silence both invite,
Of all the soul's desires, the loveliest.

And in the cloud the spirit forms were seen
In pensive humors on the Book of Fate;
While in their midst sat the Celestial Queen
Receiving messages of earthly state.

Now o'er the old man's couch sweet slumbers crept.
A youthful angel hovered o'er his bed
And touched the vital chord, to intercept
The stream of life that his frail body fed.
Then with his soul immortal flew away,
And left behind its tenement of clay.

Swift as electric flashes through the air
Together flew the adolescent pair,
And, in an instant, reached the Heavenly gate
Where sat the Council on the coming state;
When ushered in before their wondering eyes,
The earth in all its shame and glory lies.

The book of records then was brought to view
Of dead and living nations, old and new;
Of those who flourished ere the time-worn bed
Of the historic Nile its waters led
Across the Egyptian plain of marshy strands,
And drained its interval of fertile lands

On which the venerable Cheops rose,
The sepulcher where ancient kings repose.

And in this book the Arabians held a place
Among the records of the human race.
For revelations in the starry spheres,
Where worlds unnumbered circle out their years,
And for the invention of the digits nine
A living monument of arts design;
Of science proud, the everlasting key
With which to lift its veil of mystery.

Old Zoroaster crowns his age with light
From nature's book revealed to mortal sight
Through sage philosophy, which lived and grew
Till, under Cyrus, it revived anew,
When Babylon fell before its vengeful sword
According to the ancient prophet's word.

Confucius' name stood bold upon the page,
A monument of a benignant age,
Of which there still remains a living trace
Among the dusky children of his race.

Next, came the Grecian records : amplified
With every virtue to the world allied.
Here hallowed pages of the book unroll
The works of Plato on the immortal soul ;
And Aristotle's ethics : wise, profound,
Throughout the learned world alike renowned ;
And Socrates, the old philosopher,
Whose moral code unchallenged we prefer
To imitations of his native sense,
In borrowed forms of far-fetched eloquence.

The records of that learned but simple age
Present a noble picture on time's page,
When garnered in the storehouse of the mind
To serve the common wants of all mankind—

A link to bind the present to the past,
Through many an age of revolution cast.

From here across the Adriatic flew
The science which the Grecians only knew,
The archives of imperial Rome to grace
With monuments which time can ne'er efface.

While marble shafts may crumble and decay,
And whispering winds may blow their dust away—
Thoughts are the only things that ever live ;—
The best inheritance that nations give ;
And twice and thrice immortal is the soul
Of him whose thoughts shall live as ages roll.

A great hiatus now o'erwhelmed the world
That art and science into ruin hurled,
When fell imperial Rome before the tide
Of hardy northmen vengefully allied,
And savage Goths and Vandals revel where
Great Cæsar sat in the imperial chair.

But in the custody of time's recoil,
That oft revives what barbarous hands despoil,
The learning of the world was tided through
The ages dark, again to live anew ;
And from the glorious records of the past
The shadows of the future may be cast.

The Heavenly Council now in silence hung,
When spoke an angel's voice with silvery tongue,
Then loud hosannas through the council ran
As she from God revealed his destined plan.

“ Not to ambitious England, France or Spain
Shall be vouchsafed the country o'er the main,
But a new flag in glory shall arise,
Ornate with emblems from the starry skies ;

As long as justice nestles in its fold,
In triumph it shall stand through time untold.

“ From this inheritance of nations past
Select your subjects when the ‘ die is cast ;’
Then on the wild and fallow western plain
Shall Greece and Rome revive and live again.

“ The willing spirits sitting at your feet
Await your orders, now the plans complete.
They are the choicest ever yet supplied
As messengers to Heaven and earth allied.
Let them be guardians of each infant mind
That by prophetic birth has been designed
The Independence of the States United
To consecrate and swear to freedom plighted.”

Thus spoke the voice of the Celestial Queen
When, round her gathered with obedient mien,
The guardian spirits which her new decree
Had chosen for the nation yet to be.

As twigs are bent and stately trees inclined,
They are to gently mould the rising mind
From childhood to the forum or the field,
The truth to succor, or the sword to wield.

To each, she gives a separate place to fill,
According to the genius of his will ;
For Heaven is not a smooth and even plain,
Where song and praise and prayer forever reign
In one unvaried stream of harmony,
With nothing more to do than hear and see ;
But endless is its field that doth invite
From sphere to sphere the busy angels’ flight,
To all the acts of man in heaven rehearse
Throughout the mazes of the universe.

Last of the whole she came to the old man,
Whose life in Heaven now had just began.
“Ah!” cries the angel with celestial glance,
“Your soul on earth in Heaven has made advance.

“Before again to earth you are to stray,
We’ll pilot you along the milky way,
Through paradise, where shines the sacred light
That earthly wrongs will compensate with right.

“A future crisis destined to arise,
Will raise an altar for a sacrifice ;
When sanguine passions swell the rising tide,
And human rights in madness are defied,
In the new nation of our guardian care,
Then, in your faith will be intrusted there
The just refrain that spreads its powerful charm
And timely vengeance brings to freedom’s arm,
Protected by your ever ready hand
Through all the paths that Heaven for you hath
planned.
And when again to earth you shall descend,
Let inspiration there your cause defend.

“The source from whence the noblest virtues rise
Within the lowly vale of wisdom lies.
Train up a youth this measure to fulfill,
Ordained in just accord with Heaven’s will.

“Select him from this sphere of modest range,
And watch his growing mind through every change
From childhood to the earnest man of thought,
In all the wisdom of the nation taught,
From every voice that speaks its honest will
The ends of even justice to fulfill.
Exempt from vain pretension he must be,
With keen discretion armed, and charity,

“To weigh in equal scales the substance shown,
By which the ends of justice may be known.
From every mouth by advocacy tried,
With equal voice from each contending side,
With no mysterious fallacies distraught,
Or prestige through pretended wisdom brought.

“If feeble man transcends this just demand
The penalty will come through Heaven’s hand.”

The angel now dismissed the court with grace,
And all the Council vanished into space ;
Each to his sphere amidst the starry skies,
Where world on world along its orbit flies.

CANTO II.

THE spirits now to earth retire,
To kindle high the glowing fire
That lit the path to liberty
Along New England's emerald lea,
And consecrate the infant mind
To Freedom's love and law combined,
And in the nursery plant a charm
To fortify the nation's arm.

Here dreamy maidens' thoughts repose ;
Here youthful love with radiance glows ;
Here shines the light of infant years,
Its fulsome joys, its fleeting tears ;
And here the Muse's rustic lays
Sing of the early school-boy days—
The little brooks that crossed the maize,
And trickled down its shadowed ways
In wooded valleys, interlined
With hanging rocks, where ivy twined
Its tendrils round the mosses gray
In variegated drapery ;
The heather green, the shady fen,
The chilly cave, the rugged glen,
The squirrels and the little birds,
The sheep, and lambs, and lowing herds,
The moving winds that shook the trees
And made them pay their autumn fees
In rich abundance scattered round
Along the crispy autumn ground ;

The ripened corn in yellow ear—
Glad harvest of the golden year ;
The bulky crops of meadows green
Which 'twixt the uplands intervene,
The orchard and the cider mill
And press, which did the juice distill,
The reddish stream, the hollow straw
With which the flowing wine to draw,
The wintry snow, the coasting sled,
Which down the hill so swiftly sped,
The little mimic battle fray,
Where snowballs held the foe at bay,
The icy flight on wings of steel,
With which is shod the limber heel,
The mountain and the streams that glide
Adown her steep and rugged side,
Descending through the cool ravine,
Enveloped in the evergreen,
Or tumbling o'er the rocky gray
And sending back a silvery spray ;
The wild wind's voice of minstrelsy
While whispering from tree to tree,
Or chiming through the cragged lea
And roaring o'er the crested sea,
Or whirling through the heavens, whence
The clouds are hung in negligence
O'er cottages and fields aglow,
Where hill or mountain side inclines,
Where solemn churches, white as snow,
Stand sentinels among the pines.

Perhaps some stubborn creeds they taught
With unrelenting rhetoric ;
But whether this was so or not,—
Forgetfulness is sure and quick,
When prompt recoils the burdened brain,
To modify an overstrain.

And strong of frame and purpose grew
New England lads and lasses too:
Like germ-cells planted in the earth
To grow into a nation's birth
According to the will of Heaven,
In its majestic Council given.

And when the mighty issue came
That made the fires of freedom flame,
Then Plymouth Rock attuned the lyre
That set the nation's heart on fire,
And "Freedom" was the battle-cry
That cast the coming nation's die.

When Muses into history go,
They skip the crimsoned fields of strife,
Which interlude the progress slow
Of higher aims in social life.

So much dead weight and useless gear
Would lumber up the poet's page;
And harsh the song would strike the ear
Attuned to battle's noisy rage.

No!—rather let the glorious end
That follows in the train of war,
By dreamy inspiration penned
Or visionary metaphor.

Infuse the song with softer strains
Than dying groans on battle-plains.

The cause is won, no matter how,—
As far as Muses care to see;
The sword is beat into the plow,
And spears are made to prune the tree;
And sweeter now it is to toil
When independence crowns the soil.

The plowboy tills the rugged field,
The bleating flocks their fleeces yield ;
The product of the humming wheel
Is measured on the whirling reel,
And silence through the household spreads*
While the fair spinner counts the threads.

The rattling loom the matron plies,
While right and left the shuttle flies.
By shifting reeds the thread is twilled
With which the web is slowly filled.

Beyond the stream that turned the mill,
The school-house stood on yonder hill,
To which a circling footpath led,
That boys and girls together tread,—
Along the margin of the brook,
Where anglers drop the baited hook ;
And through the stony pastures gray,
With moss-clad hassocks on the way,
And interspersed with wintergreen,
The mosses' fuzzy tops between,
While ferns and leaves of silvery hue
Along the children's roadside grew.

Grace was a child but seven years old.
Her hair was colored almost gold,—
And hung in many a velvet fold.

With bluish ribbons neatly tied,
Or curled above her forehead wide
In cowlicks, one on either side.

* In the very early days of domestic manufacture of cloth, the yarn was taken from the wheel spindle on a hand reel. This was a wooden tool two feet long, with a cross-bar on each end, the two bars being at right angles with each other. Forty revolutions of the wheel made one knot, the requisite length for the warp of a web of cloth. It was a dextrous feat to do the reeling, and a careful one; as any miscount in the number of threads would make trouble in laying out the web.

Her dimpled cheeks were faintly stained
With mottlings like the lilies grained,
Which nature's varied hand had trained.

While going to the school one day,
Behind she lingered on the way
To pick the flowers of early May.

When far ahead as she could see,
Her playmates in their thoughtless glee
Were passing on.—“Why, stop for me!”—

In childish confidence she cried,
When, all but one, they quickly hide
Behind the trees the path beside.

But Alfred, better known as “Fred,”
With nimble footstep backward sped,
And soothed her fancied lonesome dread

With honied words of boyish cheer,
That compensate for grief or fear,
And turn aside the childish tear.

Years passed along :—and Alfred grew
To manly strength and stature too—
In theory and practice true.

And Gracie,—what a witching child !
Mischievous, frolicsome and wild,
From older cares her youth beguiled.

No more could Alfred lead her o'er
Across the stream as oft before,
Bridged with a log from shore to shore :—

For, springing from his hand, she flew
Alone across the pearly blue
With speed to keep her balance true.

This inward vexed the gallant boy,
To think that Grace should be so coy
To temper smiles with such alloy.

Yet, brimming in his heart, there preyed
A tender passion for the maid,
Which face and eyes had oft betrayed.

Without the guidance of a chart
That teaches how to win the heart,—
As mariners are taught to sail
And clear the coast when comes a gale.
Armed with her naive simplicity,
From preconcerted dalliance free,
Grace won all hearts, both old and young,
And every one her praises sung.

For, when sweet beauty crowns the face,
Transcendent is the winning grace
That through its flowery path will shine
Apparently without design.

Just as the pearly dew is seen
Most on the leaves of brightest green,—
So love and sympathy will twine
Around the best and sweetest shrine
Where rests a fond and loving heart
That never felt an envious smart.

'Twas evening, when the sunny rays
Had vanished in the summer haze,
That Grace and Alfred, arm in arm,
Were walking o'er the homestead farm.

What if the sun was out of sight?—
The moon and stars reflect his light
As much as lovers care to see
In tender passion's revelry.

Their circling way through shadows led,
By piney foliage canopied,
Through which the whispering breezes sung
On tuneful harps by nature strung.

The soft refrain of kindling love
That lifts the swelling heart above,
The hermitage of selfish gains
That bind the soul with menial chains
And loads the heart with Cupid's spoils,
The heritage of lovelit toils.

Though Alfred was a novice yet
In worldly cares, by wiles beset,
Nobility within his soul
Had stamped him on a hero's roll;
And Cupid's fires within his breast
Could never make his honor rest
Unmingled with the love devout
That burned within and glowed without.
In love's and honor's strong embrace
He rested his propitious case:—
“Dear Gracie,” said the impassioned boy,
In tones which lovers true employ,

“Our childish spring is past till May
Together on life's blithesome way,
And must we from each other stray
Through summer's toils from day to day?—

“Or, through life's golden harvest trace,
By separate paths, our resting place,
Till winter's touch on either face
Shall stamp it with his last embrace?

“The toils of twenty summers past
Have o'er my head their shadows cast.
Now, manhood's pith is in my veins,
These muscular hands must take the reins;

And, westward, toward the setting sun,
My start in life shall be begun.

“To-morrow is the eventful day
When first from home my feet shall stray ;
Some years may roll time’s endless chain
Ere you and I shall meet again.

“And when the cares of life shall rest
Within my young untutored breast,
A place is still reserved for thee
Sacred to my first memory.

“And now, dear Gracie, we must part
Without a word to bind the heart ; —
Without a vow to wedlock plighted,
Lest comes a wrong that ne’er is righted.

“But in that silent charm we’ll rest
That reigns within each faithful breast
To quicken there the crimson flow
That in each faithful heart shall glow.”

Her father’s gate they slowly gain ; —
Some lingering whispers still remain
To fill the measure of the heart
Ere sentimental lovers part.

CANTO III.

The scene of this canto begins on the Merrimac river, some miles above Tyngsborough, Massachusetts, from whence a line of stages then ran westward through the Mohawk Valley, in the state of New York, and thence to the headwaters of the Allegheny river just over the Pennsylvania line.

IN the land of the Pilgrims no happier age
Was ever recorded on history's page,
Than the time when the stage-coach enlivened the
street
With all of its paraphernalia complete.

And when we look back to that old-fashioned time,
Preserved in our memory and treasured in rhyme,
How we sigh for the social amenities then
That survived through that age but can ne'er live
again !

When the people grew gray in the home of their
birth,
In the fullness of joy and the measure of mirth.
Contented in mind in their fortunate lot,
Without the excesses by luxury brought.

When the old institutions of New England's time
Were gathering strength in their glory and prime—
The pudding and beans, and the "Rye Indian"
bread,
The cider and apples so sparkling and red.

The thanksgiving day, when the summer had ceased,
And the goslin was roasted and set for a feast

For two generations of children away—
Returned to their home to be jolly and gay.

Away with your steamboats and railroads!—away
With your mates and your captains accoutered in
gray,

And your railroad conductors with lanterns and
punches,

And ten-minute stations for whisky and lunches !

There is more food for poetry in the old stage
That rolled through the street in our heroic age
With a flash and a dash and a rollicking ring
As it comes and it goes like a bird on the wing.

It bustles the town as it rattles along,
As the man in the box cuts the air with his thong,
And the high mettled steeds raise their curvetting
necks

Till the driver is forced to resort to the brakes.

As on with a surplus of power unspent,
Over hill and through valley the diligence went
Careening and swinging and rolling away
From the dawn of the morning till evening gray.

The driver 's no fool, with a bell by his side
To ring the alarm when he's paid for a ride ;
The " beaver is tipped " as he vanishes by
By the rich and the poor and the lowly and high.

When the diligence passes, why every one looks ;—
The children at school take their eyes from their
books,

The carpenter leans on his long wooden rule,
The rod of the smith takes a second to cool,—

While the horse he is shoeing starts up with a snuff,
And the rickety bellows blows out a long puff

As the boy at its lever looks up with a stare,
And the fire he's blowing continues to glare.

The shears of the tinker go down with a click,
While his soldering-iron lays flat on the brick ;
And the cobbler peeps over the boot on the tree
As he straps his dull knife on his leather-capped
knee.

But this motionless tableau no longer will last
When the coach with its rumbling clatter is past.
Inside of this vehicle Alfred is seated,
Set out for the West with his outfit completed.

Now miles on miles of distance vanish past,
And changing views dissolve before the sight
Beneath the stately forest's shadow cast,
Or gleaming from the fields of harvest white.

Some pensive thoughts arose in Alfred's mind ;
Nor is it strange that such should be the case
When youth's warm heart is most to love inclined,—
And aims of glory take a second place.

Thus far his early life had smoothly run ;
No cause for grief or fear had crossed his way ;
With such propitious days the world begun,
Why should his practiced feet be turned astray ?

But yet in thoughtful turns above his years,
The future opened wide before his eyes ;
And many a mountain in his path appears,
And many a blank—ere he might win the prize.

While thus absorbed in silent reverie,
His fellow travelers take a social turn—
On "faith," and "works," and sacred prophecy,
And all the doctrinal points that christians learn.

With nice distinctions on "free agency,"
"The eternal perseverance of the saints,"—
How, reconciled with God's foreknown decree,
Our sins to "mortify" with just restraints.

These themes discussed, the conversation turned
On subjects less important ;—such as bore
Direct relation to what now concerned
Our "temporal good" this side of Canaan's shore.

But yet the conversation ever ran
In grooves not inconsistent with their creed ;
Tenacious always ere their tongues began,
To scan the end to which their words might lead.

More taciturn than any of the rest,
With classic face cast in a deftly mould,
Sat a young man who seemed to be possessed
Of deeper thoughts than could in words be told.

Yet penetrate the heart that's sensitive
To magic inklings of benevolence,
Through inspirations that can only live
In silent forces through a quickened sense.

That he and Alfred should be ready friends,
Was but as easy as the ferny coil,
Warmed by the heat that coming summer sends,
Pierces the leaf-mould of the matted soil.

Both for the West had started on their way ;
Behind them each had left a happy home,
To seek a fortune in their youthful day
In some propitious spot where they might roam.

But fortune held a more enduring tie
To bind their friendship in a strong embrace ;
Hid in the ruling star of destiny
That turns the fate of all the human race—

A destiny that runs in subtle tides
To flush the heart as with a magic touch,
And still the future from its subjects hides
Lest from its mystic page they learn too much : —

For life would more than half its pleasures lose,
If certainty should always gauge the flow
Of all its gifts, the best to pick and choose,
With nothing left for fortune to bestow.

And the bright stars of hope and imagery,
The sweetest consolations of the soul,
Would never rise in life's unvaried sky,
Or through its shining constellations roll.

Within a spacious forest glade
A fertile farm in quiet laid,
Where pastures, meads and waving corn,
The landscape of the heath adorn.

Inside its cottage lived a pair
Who daily bent the knee in prayer,
Like loyal scions from a stock
Descended from the Plymouth Rock.

A playful flock of boys and girls,
With cherry cheeks and silken curls,
Were proofs of a prolific race
That lived and grew about the place.

From yonder hill the penstock brings
A flowing stream from living springs,
Gathered within a sheltered quay
Where speckled trout in frolic play.

This is the inn of early days,
Sung by the poet's rural lays.
It had an emblematic sign
Depended from a stately pine.

One which the woodman's ax had spared,
And to the winds its bosom bared,
When, 'neath his strokes the forest fell,
Where now the happy couple dwell.

The signboard hummed a creaking tune,
Discordant with the voice of June—
More like December's angry rage,
When howling winds the skies engage.

But yet its whining notes invest
The traveler's mind with thoughts of rest,
When vanishes the light of day
Dissolving in the twilight gray.

And even his sagacious steed
Bears on the bit with rising speed,
And presses towards the country inn,
Where welcome rest is found within.

Soon as the evening shades appear
The daily coach untackles here.
The trunks are taken from the boot,
The passengers their host salute.

The prudent hostess shows her face,
The guests to welcome to the place,
And shed around a homelike air
To all who are assembled there.

With careful hands the cloth is spread,
When seated all, the grace is said,
Essential as a pious rite—
A measure of a heart contrite.

Go where you will, go far or near,
You'll find a ready rival here
In epicurean skill and art,
Where morbid taste can play no part.

But if the measured rate of skill
Is graded by eccentric will
And not by nature's appetite,
Then who can tell the wrong from right ?

The Ides of August now drew nigh,
And eventide had veiled the sky,
And closed the petals of the flowers
From sunny rays in earlier hours.

And all the feathered tribe were still,
Except the lonesome whip-poor-will;
There is a pathos in his song
Repeated through the night, night long,

As if the sympathetic bird
Its silent shadows had preferred ;—
As troubadours attune their lyres,
When sober age to rest retires.

Now Alfred, with his new made friend,
Went forth the evening hour to spend.
Why should not each to each reveal
The secrets which they inward feel ?—

The secrets which the eye could trace
Reflected from each youthful face ?
First William, Alfred's friend, begun,
And thus his simple story run :—

“ My home was in a quiet little nook
Inclining gently toward the eastern sky,
And my first childish memories wander back
To golden figures on my bedroom wall ;
Where, from the distant forest's jagged tops,
The sun arose and through the lattice shone.
I was the oldest of the little brood
That hung around our happy mother's knee,
Or cheered our father with our boisterous play.

He was an artist ; much to thought inclined,
When cloistered at the easel in his room,
And there the children never ventured in,
Except sometimes to sit in careless groups
As figures for a landscape or a scene.
The cottage walls with pictures rare were spread
Of quaint designs and legendary rites.

One had a fly reposing on the scale
Of Justice, blindfold on the canvas shown.
And when we tried to scare the fly away,
Then "ma" would say: "Why, child, that's not a fly—
It's just a bit of ivory black
That father (William) put upon the scene,"—

Then father smiled, and told us quizzing boys
That we might, sometime, learn to paint a fly ;—
Or learn some other art to win a prize.

Then there was grandpa's good old happy face,
That father painted long and long ago.
And how we wondered that his lustrous eyes
Should seem to follow us where'er we went,
As if the picture was a living face.

This childish dalliance was a fleeting tide ;—
Soon manhood's strength began to arm my frame,
And life's grand drama opened deep and wide
When boyhood's years had past and manhood came.

Now, on its open sea my bark is steered ;
Before me is an ocean's broad domain :
The headlands on the stream of youth are cleared
And never can be seen by me again.

Ah ! childhood's sunny hours, adieu, adieu !
You'll only come again in happy dreams
Again to fire my heart with life anew
As transient vision back to childhood gleams.

The tenderest links that youth to childhood bind,
Cling round the heart when love inspires the mind ;
Bound by these silken toils I stand confessed,
Securely sheltered in my youthful breast.

Far, far away, my footsteps now shall roam
To seek some favored spot to be my home.
Ambition points toward the western wilds,
Where generous nature with her bounty smiles.

Here shall New England's sons and daughters live
And to the rising state their virtues give,
And ever cherish with paternal care
The church and school-house planted safely there.

I'll lead the way in this propitious scheme
To bring into the West the new regime ;
'Twill bring a romance to our wedded life
When my affianced shall become my wife.

Alfred responded to the confiding youth—
Who lived to love, and loved to live the truth
That from his face ingenuously shone,
Though unexpressed, by silent language known.

The two were more than common brothers now ;
Their friendship needed not a binding vow :
By sympathy it was forever sealed,
As each to each their inner thoughts revealed.

Thus reinforced the travelers went to rest,
To dream of golden visions in the West.
Perhaps they lived again the sweet good bye
That comes in dreams as parting hours fly,

And silent consolation always brings
To cheer the heart when love from honor springs,
Consistent with the sense of prudent thought
That education to the mind has brought.

The morning comes, and jocund with its dawn,
The men and boys are on the dewy lawn,
Each at his post, to feed the noisy swine,
Or from the sheds to turn the lowing kine.

The breakfast o'er, the nerry steeds they gear,
The host and hostess at the door appear ;
The travelers once more their seats regain,
The driver mounts the box and takes the rein.

Once more their journeys with the day begun
With dancing shadows in the morning sun.

CANTO IV.

Eighteen miles from Erie, in Pennsylvania, close by the town of Waterford, is a small lake, which forms the head of French creek. This stream empties into the Allegheny river at the site of an old Indian town named Venango, about seventy-five miles above Pittsburg, at which place the Allegheny uniting with the Monongahela river forms the Ohio. Along these waters grew into being the exciting causes of the French and Indian war in 1755. First, the French built Fort Presque Isle, where Erie now stands. Next they built Fort Le Bœuff, near the little lake at Waterford. Next, Fort Venango at the mouth of French creek. At this juncture George Washington, then a youth of twenty-one years, under orders from the governor of Virginia, suddenly appeared at Fort Le Bœuff on a mission to inform the French that the English claimed the country and in the name of the commonwealth of Virginia; he warned them out of it. The young ambassador was treated with tokens of respect, but was informed by the scholarly old French knight who held command that the matter must be referred to the Marquis Du Quesne, governor of Canada, by whose orders he held the country. Washington with his companions now returned to Virginia through the forests. This was late in the autumn of 1754. The next spring the Virginians commenced building a fort where Pittsburg now stands, but were immediately driven away by a superior force of French and Indians. The French and Indian war soon followed. Its successful termination gave the entire country to the English. Sixteen years after its close the Americans declared themselves independent. Seven years of war followed, when they achieved their end, and a new flag arose into existence. Afterward, about from 1794 to 1820, the little lake near Waterford again became conspicuous; not for the trumpet summons to the battle-field, but for the starting point for immigrants to the West. Here and at other places were built flatboats, called arks, in which several families took passage together, floating down stream to some propitious place for a settlement along the Ohio river, and at its tributary waters. The scene of this canto begins here, and is continued down the stream to the Muskingum river, at the mouth of which a settlement was made in 1788, which was the first American settlement northwest of the Ohio river. Fort Harmer was built at the mouth of the river to protect it from the Indians.

Lo! hoary monarch of the forest shades,
What is the history of your old decades
Since you wert but a tender seedling stalk?
Wert thou the firstling of the forest flock?
An acorn planted in the treeless ground
Where now the fertile plains with trees abound.

What have you shadowed since your life began,
As through the centuries of time it ran?
What saw you when the Aztec temples grew
Where warmer skies distil the Heavenly dew?
Did then the swarthy warrior take his rest
Beneath the shadow of your towering crest?

Have Frenchmen ever tented by your side
When to the Indian race they were allied,
And on the war-path they together teamed
With battle blades that through the forest gleamed?

Did here the bright naïvete of dusky hue
Ere seal her nuptial vow to virtue true,
And to her lover give her hand and heart
Impressive with the forms of savage art?
Did here the French lieutenant woo a bride,
To share her fortunes in the forest wide?

Did Washington ere camp beneath your shade
When to these wilds the mission he conveyed
To warn away the French from this fair land
To give the English sea-room to expand?

How have these hopes that high ambition fed
Into oblivion's gulf forever fled?
The cross of red,* and lilies,† both have flown
And left the pathless wilderness alone.

Another flag now rises into life
Above the crimsoned fields of blood and strife
Whose shining stars through fen and forest gleam—
A nation's herald of her new regime.

Its pioneers now come with ax and spade,
The mysteries of the forest to invade;—

* The English flag. It bore a red cross as the ensign of St. George.

† The French flag.

Alfred and William* join the leading van
That gather here to execute their plan.

An ark is built, and down the stream they glide,
Borne on the bosom of the flowing tide;
From wild to wild their circling way is led
Through endless realms with virgin forest spread,
Majestic in her wildness all alone,
Sacred to nature's seal, unloosed, unknown.

Onward, and onward still, from plain to plain
In tortuous curves across the wooded main,
Through which Venango's† circling waters thread
Their way along wild nature's clayey bed:—

Now Allegheny's waters are in sight,
That flow majestic through the shadowy light
Of unremitting forests far and wide,
Through which unnumbered rivers roll their tide
From mountain, bluff, and valley clad with trees
Unscarred by woodman's ax—in nature's ease.

Fort Pitt‡ is past, and now the Ohio bears
The vessel freighted with its household wares
Along its rugged headlands bold and wild,
With bluff on bluff precipitously piled.

Each night the ark is moored the shore beside,
Where naught is heard except the gurgling tide,

* The name of Alfred's new companion.

† What is now French creek was named Venango creek in the early day. It empties into the Allegheny river at the old Indian town of Venango.

‡ The old fort built where Pittsburg now stands. It was first named Fort Du Quesne, but was changed to Fort Pitt after the English took possession of it in 1758, under Gen. Forbes, while the French and Indian war was at its height. The French blew up the old fort and fled down the Ohio to their settlement in southern Illinois. George Washington then held a command under Gen. Forbes, and led the advance in his army, which cut its way from Carlisle through the forests of western Pennsylvania to take this old French seat of power, near which Braddock had been so terribly defeated three years before.

Or the wild owl, whose shrill and quavering cry
The midnight silence breaks so pensively
Amidst the voiceless solitudes around,
Where only nature's amplitudes abound.

Muskingum's welcome headlands now are seen,
Where fields of corn and forest intervene.
Fort Harmer's walls here in the forests rise,
Beneath the flag that freemen dearly prize.
Waving a welcome in the wilderness
Whose virgin soil their wandering footsteps press.
Here is the distant home,—the promised land,—
With room enough for genius to expand.

Here rests the ark. Its mission now is done :—
Alfred's and William's is but just begun :—
Their cable 's cut, their bark 's before the wind,
With home and friends and sweethearts left behind.

But fortune has a path for them to tread,
Though strewn with flowers through varied mazes
 led ;
Their lucky star reflects from friendly suns
Light for their path, and thus the story runs :—

A dingy cottage on the rack
Stood by the tranquil Merrimac,
Where witches were supposed to live
To fright the weak and sensitive.
Not very near the road it stood
Amidst a lonesome neighborhood ;
And bold the one who passed that way
Except within the light of day ;
For through the silent shades of night,
Witches and goblins draped in white
Descending through the mirky air
In voiceless silence reveled there.

A fearless man one night passed by,
When in the house he heard a cry
As if a nurseling had been there
Without a mother's watchful care.
In spite of ghosts and goblins, too,
Into the house he quickly flew.
Some flashes met his steady gaze,
Like burning coals without a blaze,
Scattered about the ghostly place
O'er ceiling, wall and mouldering brace.
The hero laughed at such a show
Lit up by phosphorescent glow ;
But next a little babe he saw
Reposing on a bed of straw.
He pressed the foundling to his breast,
And hushed its lonely cries to rest ;
Then, from that day, the little one
Became his own adopted son.

A hemlock thicket stood close by,
From which the mother's watchful eye,
While trembling with anxious fears ;
Beheld the rescue through her tears,
And flattering hope brings some relief
To soothe a mother's parting grief.

William, the senior, was the one
Who rescued thus the infant son,
And William junior was the child
In blissful ignorance beguiled.
And often afterward with joy,
The mother saw her darling boy ;
And watched the progress of his years
With secret joy and mother tears ;
But in her pondering heart's control
Deep rests the secret of her soul,
As she beholds her darling boy ;

While cruel chains confine her joy,
And fetter with a mask of steel
The love which only mothers feel,
Pent up within a prudent breast
To riot there in wild unrest.

Yet consolation slowly heals
The wounds which injured virtue feels
When only love its breast hath known
Through blind devotion's vestal throne,
And now a calm and sweet refrain
Rests o'er her troubled soul again.
But youth and beauty safe may rest
To wait for fortune's timely test ;
And romance is to break the seal
Her destined story to reveal.

Two rivers met upon the heather low,
Whose lazy waters move along so slow
Toward the lake, that, like its arm they seemed ;
As from their unrippled face the moon-beams
gleamed.

This was Chicago, in tradition old,
Of which the red man's tales were early told,
When came the white man here his race among
Beset with subtle wiles his flattering tongue.

And yet, the missionary in his zeal
To raise the cross and stamp the christian seal
Indelible upon the virgin land,
In hopeful faith and love his advent planned.

The blood of Christ for all mankind was shed ;
Even these savages though naïvely bred,
The holy cross and the communion cup
Atone for sin if faith can drink it up.

Withal, the way is plain and all can see
How Jesus Christ has died for you and me,
All but the red man, he felt little need
For Christ's atoning grace — for Israel's seed.

He naïvely said : " This sacrifice for you
Was made, whose wicked hands your Savior slew;
No blame can rest on us for this misdeed,
You'll rue the day you made your Savior bleed.
Give us your glittering trinkets, guns and knives,
If honor crowns your brow, we'll give you wives."

The wanton French accepted the demand ;
They gave the offerings and took the hand
Of many a bright naïvete alone arrayed
By nature's gifts, with modesty displayed.

Here was an episode exemplary,
Of love and passion hid in mystery
Which cannot be explained e'en by the Muse,
Who tells the truth but don't disclose her views ;
Just gives material for a theory
On which all candid minds will soon agree.

Next came a hybrid flock of swarthy sprights,
Incarnate in their love of savage rites,
No compromise in their unbending will ;
Nature their God their destiny to fill.

Three generations now harmonious flew
While French and Indians thus together grew ;
Without a word of jealousy or strife
They mingled freely in the cares of life —
If wantonness and freedom everywhere
Could be supposed to have a thoughtful care.

But all the while the sturdy English stock,
The same that landed safe on Plymouth Rock,

Were delving on the bleak Atlantic coast ;—
Their banner, Christ ;—while freedom was their
boast.

Anon the heights of Abraham they scale,
And there the keystone of the French assail ;
Fate hung upon the issue of the hour,
While trembled in the scale the coming power
That destiny had marked to rule and reign,
In triumph over rode the bloody plain.

Chicago now fell into English hands,
While yet 'twas but a heath of drifting sands,
But yet the Indian brave, and lassie, too,
Traversed the portage in their bark canoe,
And often here their council fires blazed,
And here, defiant still, the war-whoop raised.

One day there came across the portage green
An Indian lassie, daughter of a queen ;—
That is, her father was a chief, her ma a squaw,—
High bred in all the gifts of nature's law.

And here, before we farther trace the tale,
We may as well just look behind the veil
To see the gushing side of every heart—
Where love devout and passion play their part
Unshackled by conventional decrees
That oft offend when they're designed to please.

“ The course of true love never did run smooth ; ”
It will not follow in a ready groove,
The reckless hero of eccentric turns
Will give his heart and hand where prudence
spurns.

This is a trait of Young America
When he, defiant, holds himself at bay

Against the training of his early years
Though stamped upon his mind by sighs and tears.

No tale of romance can with luster shine
Without its hero and its heroine.
Our heroine, as stated just before,
Is coming to Chicago's emerald shore ;
Her waving hair, like streamers in the breeze
Flutters in negligence the eye to please ;
Or, better still, to please the manly heart
That's sensitive to this enticing art ;
Her step elastic and her form erect,
Music her voice in Indian dialect,
Which falls harmonious from her youthful tongue,
While downcast flashes from her eyes are flung
After the custom of the devotee
To youthful fire enshrined in mystery
Too deep to measure well in prudish scales,
Not set to balance love's romantic tales.

In savage life, or highly civilized,
It little boots when love is improvised ;
One fountain gently feeds the inward fire
In lower walks of life as well as higher.
In this degree our Indian heroine,
So highly bred in savage life to shine,
And modest in the charm of beauty's power,
In playful dalliance spends each youthful hour :
Accomplished thus while in parental care
To see the world and breathe the lake's pure air.
Her lot is cast upon Chicago's shore —
A rendezvous for trinkets kept in store
For Indian trade and traffic far and near,
Where furs were cheap, and Indian blankets dear.

'Twas here she met her hero young and bold,
A thoroughbred, fresh from New England's fold,

Reared in the matchless training of the land
That Fanueil Hall had built and freedom planned.

His kindred might be numbered by the score ;
And every one a reputation bore,
Respectable, from vice and malice free,
In faith as orthodox as man could be
While sinful nature stares him in the face,
And ever puts to task his christian grace.

That is, according to the theory
And current standard of theology
That then prevailed with no dissenting voice —
Which faith accepted with no other choice.

While yet a child he had a dreamy mind ;
Above his years in sentiment refined, ----
Not only by the teachings of his youth,
But by a power within that stamped the truth
Upon his tongue — the index of a heart
Where only honor dwells and plays its part.

He was precocious. His inquiring mind
Was full of romance and inclined
To school-boy love, an old familiar name
For the first inklings of Cupid's flame,
Sometimes abiding, often indiscreet,
If not successful ever after sweet,
When tender solaces mature with age,
In retrospective reveries engage.

The fond ideal of his youthful flame
Had every grace exacting love could claim.
Her form was lithe, her eyes were soft and blue,
And gently fell before a lover's view
With all the modesty that could adorn
A model school girl in her youthful morn.

Our hero loved the child with tenderness
And something more, that's held in youth's duress,
As manly strength begins to charge the veins
Ere more mature thoughts can take the reins.

To wed was distant in his thoughtful plan ;
To look ahead life seemed a lengthened span.
His little sweetheart still was very young,
And lover's vows might falter on her tongue.
" Till she's of age, I'll travel far from home,
And in the Western wilderness will roam
Till riper years shall crown her youthful life,
And she shall know the duties of a wife."

'Twas thus the youth resolved in thought and care,
And set about his outfit to prepare.
The day arrived appointed for his start,
When he from all his early friends must part ;
From father, brother, sister, mother dear,
And others met to give a parting cheer.

And with the group his little sweetheart came,
Armed with a wreath of rosebuds, and her name
Wrought with her cunning fingers in the wreath,
With mottoes suitable concealed beneath.
He smiled, and took the wreath with words sup-
pressed,
And pinned the emblem to his throbbing breast.

She was the last to give the parting kiss.
The charm that parting sorrow turns to bliss
When in the twilight hour of summer's day
Love's thoughts will wander where their objects
stray.
The stage coach clattered from the homestead
door,
Away it went, away our hero bore.

When a few weeks had slowly passed away
In journeying through the wilds from day to day,
A sail was seen upon the open sea,
Far in the distance off Chicago's lea.
Nearer it comes, before the northern breeze
That wrestles fiercely with the foaming seas.
The wind increases; and tempestuous roar
The frothy waves that lash Chicago's shore.
The ship her anchors cast with trembling hope,
While groans the hull and creaks each straining
rope.

The anchor drags as rolling wave on wave
The trembling shore in maddened fury lave,
And soon the ship is dashed against the beach;
The headlands low almost within the reach
Of her bold crew, who to the wreck still cling,
While on the shore relief is gathering.

There were no life-boats then; but in their place
Stood a bold chieftain of the Indian race.
Close by the shore there stood a linden tree,
Whose riven bark is tough and sinewy:
A lengthened line from this they improvise,
And round his waist one end the chieftain ties;
The other end is fastened to the shore;
And, thus secured, the chief each victim bore
Safe from the wreck, despite the mad sea foam,
And sheltered them within his tented home.

Wabunsie* was the name of this bold chief
Whose timely courage had secured relief

* A noted war chief of the Pottawatomie tribe, who then held the entire country along the St. Joseph river, as well as the lands around the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, including the Chicago portage. Intimate relations existed between them and the Miamies, directly east of them, and many of their warriors were in the ranks of Little Turtle's army when that distinguished chief defeated St. Clair in 1791. Indian Robinson, who died at his reservation on the Desplaines, just west of Chicago, April 19, 1872, at the advanced age of one hundred and

To these adventurers in the far-off West,
With pioneering spirit thus possessed.

His daughter's name was Gheezhigneenwateen,*
The same who'd crossed Chicago's portage green—
The Indian lassie spoken of before,
Who, with her father, visited this shore
To see the world like any other belle
In trading marts where people buy and sell.
In this respect all belles are much the same;
Of every nation and of every name.
In their young hearts the social tie is strong,
While rolls the tide of joyous youth along.

Now let us to our hero turn again ;
So lately rescued from the watery main
With naught but life and strength :—for purse and
scrip
Had perished in the tempest with the ship.

Though but a tenant of the wigwam now,
The marks of honor stamped his manly brow.
Wabunsie saw in him these manly traits,
While Gheezhigneenwateen around him waits
With eyes that languish now, and now retire,
Beneath his ardent gaze of youthful fire.

He could not understand the words she said,
But gratitude and love his passion fed ;

ten years, was well acquainted with Wabunsie, and it is from his report of his noble qualities that the writer has been induced to select him as a fitting subject to represent the times in which he lived. His home was on the St. Joseph river, near the present line between Michigan and Indiana. He had a nephew of the same name, who was frequently at Chicago in the early day, and is still remembered by perhaps a dozen of the present oldest settlers in 1881. The English of his name is Early Morning.

* The short meaning of her name in the general Algonquin language was "Clear Sky," a very beautiful ideal in connection with her father's name. (The clear sky of early morning.) Similar examples of refined imagery multiply as one studies Indian names.

And there's a language in the very sphere
Of him or her whose passions are sincere.

Here was a hero and a heroine
Well matched for love, by nature's own design,
When nothing else can interpose a plea,
A future social standing to foresee.

A conflict in our hero's breast now raged
Between the passions that his heart engaged,
And all the teachings of his childhood days ;—
The natural tribute which affection pays
To mother's love and father's thoughtful care,
When childish lips were taught the nursery prayer.

But more than these, the little blue-eyed girl,
Whose silken locks he often used to twirl,
Aroused such memories in his throbbing breast
As only in a love-torn heart can rest.

Pending these conflicts in his care-worn mind,
While gratitude and passion both combined
To make him marry Gheezhigneenwateen,
Fresh news of war's alarms came to the scene.

Along the border rang the hostile blast,
And through the forest glooms its shadows cast ;
And deadly hatred flashed from every eye,
"Death to the long knives" * was the battle cry.

And gathered there the *courier du bois*,
Canadian French of Indian blood alloy,
And swarthy tenants of the wilderness
Ornate with feathers, paint, and savage dress.

Our hero gazed upon the pantomime
With brain bewildered at the strange design

* The Miamies and Shawanese during the war of the American Revolution called the Americans "the Long Knives." See Clark's Conquest of Vincennes.

That tempted him among these wilds to roam,
Away from the amenities of home.

His childish days were like that heavenly dream
To which our future visions fondly gleam,
To compensate us for our earthly grief,
And to our troubled spirits bring relief.

These retrospective consolations past,
Where, mused the hero, must thy lot be cast?
When Gheezhigdeenwateen, in pensive mood,
Before his transitory vision stood.

Her modest face was radiant with love
From the deep springs that lift the soul above
All kindred ties of color or of race ;—
A flash of passion and a fond embrace,
A plighted vow to only end with life,
Their hands are joined and they are man and wife.*

St. Clair's invasion and his dire defeat,
The shouts of victory over his retreat,
The savage trophies from the battle-field
Where tested English mettle had to yield
To Mishikinakwa's† triumphant host,
Brought yells exultant to Chicago's coast
In which our hero joined with feeble yell
Under the protest of imprisoned spell.

But honor high within the savage breast
Protects him from too positive a test
To mark his preference so newly tried
Between his kindred and his Indian bride.

Our hero loved her all the more for this,
For honor gave his cup a taste of bliss ;

*The Indian marriages are made by a promise of fidelity without form.

†Little Turtle.

But soon to stoicism he inclined,
And won esteem for his reflective mind.

Meantime a new invasion soon was planned,
And Gen. Wayne was given its command;
A band of spies already in the field,
The Indians' movements oft to him revealed,
And oft our hero met these subtle spies
And read their mission in their speaking eyes.

Among them was a man whose name was May;
Who saw our hero when alone one day,
And mutual confidence inspired the twain,
When May reported him to General Wayne.

Our hero next sought Little Turtle's side,
And introduced to him the Indian bride;
This was his voucher for fidelity
With leave to pass his lines of ambush free.

And when again the battle spreads its pall,
And thick and fast the fatal death shots fall,
The ambuscade is known to General Wayne;
And stubborn Indian valor fights in vain.

Our hero shares the honors of the field;
For he to General Wayne their plans revealed;
And now he shelters safely in his lines,
While Gheezhigneenwateen in sorrow pines.

When thus relieved, the thoughts of home and
friends
All other memories of his life transcends;
But lingers still some keen regrets between,
For his forsaken Gheezhigneenwateen.

But these were transient as his footsteps prest;
The sacred shades that dipped the golden crest

Of sunset where his little wondering eyes
Had oft beheld the colors in the skies.

Farther along, he wades the pebbled brook,
Which faithful memory never had forsook ;
The evening sun was still reflecting there,
The softened tinge of crimson everywhere.

Entranced he gazed on the familiar spot,
His throbbing heart with tender memories fraught ;
Here was the arbor where the blue-eyed child
Had played with him beneath the shadowy wild.

And then he pondered on the rosebud wreath
Her little hands had woven while beneath
The evening shadows of those very trees,
And given him his parting hour to please.

Downward he gazed upon the moss-clad ground,
Lost in a reverie, when a lisping sound
Broke the dumb silence of the evening air ;
'Twas her ! 'Twas her ! the blue-eyed girl was there.

The following extract of a letter (dated "Fort Washington, April 10, 1792,") from Brigadier General Wilkinson to Captain John Armstrong, then the commanding officer at Fort Hamilton, will throw some light upon the nature of the perilous service of those who were employed as spies: "My messengers, Freeman at the head, left this on the 7th, with a 'big talk,' and are ordered to keep Harmar's trace, which will be an evidence to the enemy that they have no sinister designs in contemplation. If they are received, and are suffered to return, they have my directions to come by Fort Jefferson. You must order William May to desert in a day or two, or must cover his departure by putting him in the way to be taken prisoner, as you may deem best. I consider the first preferable in one point of view ; that is, it would guard him effectually against any real desertion which may hereafter take place. It will be exceedingly difficult, if not impracticable, for him ever to make a second trip with success. However, that will depend, in a great measure, upon the fertility of his own genius. He should cross the Miami at or near your post, and keep a due north course—remarking critically, the distance, ground, and water-courses over which he may pass, until he strikes the St. Mary's, the sight of the old Miami village, and the first town. His first business will be to find out what has become of my messengers. If they have been received and well treated, he may authenticate the sincerity and good faith which has prescribed their journey. For this purpose he must be made acquainted with the departure of the messengers,

And what a change was wrought upon her brow !
No more the child, but ripened beauty now
Transcendent shone before his ardent gaze :—
A peerless queen that manly love obeys.

Their love was tested. Little more was said,
Except to set the day when they should wed.
Henston, the spy, was the familiar name
By which he had been known to border fame.

Hers was Permilla ; — the sweet and mild,
And loving mother of the precious child
That William rescued from the ghostly place
That sheltered its young mother's maiden grace.

And now relieved from warring toil,
Our hero tills the western soil,
Preëmpted from the conquered lands
Enforced by war from native hands.
Beside Muskingum's interval,
The happy pair in comfort dwell,

and the order restraining offensive hostilities. But if they have been killed, or made prisoners, and the enemy positively refuse to treat, then, so soon as he clearly ascertains these facts, he must return to us, by the nearest and safest route. If this occasion should not present, he is to continue with the enemy—and is, at all events, to acquire their confidence. To this end, he must shave his head—assume their dress, adopt their habits and manners—and always be ready for the hunt, or for war. His greatest object, during his residence with the enemy, will be to find out the names of the nations which compose the confederacy now at war—their numbers, and the situation of their respective towns, as to course and distance from the old Miami village, and the locality of each. He will discover the names, residence, interests, and influence of all the white men now connected with those savages; and whether the British stimulate, aid, or abet them, and in what manner—whether openly, by the servants of government, or indirectly, by traders. He will labor to develop what are the general determinations of the savages in case the war is continued and we gain possession of their country. Having made himself master of these points, or as far as may be practicable, he will embrace the first important occasion to come in to us. Such will be the moment when the enemy collectively take the field and advance against our army, or a detachment of it, and have approached it within a day's march. Should he execute this mission with integrity and effect, I pledge myself to restore him to his country, and will use my endeavors to get him some little establishment, to make his old age comfortable."

Contented in that love refined
That grows within a thoughtful mind ;
Warm as the current of the blood
That flushes with a crimson flood,
The downcast face with pleasures glow,
When thoughts are quick and words are slow.

There is a wealth of passion's fire
That glows like coals of living fire ;—
Unlike the flash of brilliant light
That blazes to a glimmering sight,
Then leaves the heart in dark despair,
The tenant of a solitaire

The following, from the narrative of John Brickell, published in the "American Pioneer," vol. i, p. 52, is quoted as good authority, as Mr. Brickell was living among the Indians at the time, having been captured when a child and adopted by them. After Wayne's battle he returned to his people, and lived many years in Columbus, Ohio, highly esteemed by all who knew him.

"Two or three days after we arrived at the rapids Wayne's spies came right into camp among us. I afterward saw the survivors. Their names were Miller, McClelland, May, Wells, and Mahaffy, and one other whose name I forgot. They came into camp boldly and fired on the Indians. Miller got wounded in the shoulder; May was chased by the Indians to the smooth rock in the bed of the river, where his horse fell. He was taken prisoner, and the rest escaped. They then took May to camp. They knew him. He had formerly been a prisoner among them, and ran away from them. They told him: 'We know you. You speak Indian language. You not content to live with us. To-morrow we take you to that tree (pointing to a very large burr-oak at the edge of the clearing which was near the British fort). We will tie you up and make a mark on your breast, and we will try what Indian can shoot nearest it.' It so turned out. The next day, the very day before the battle, they tied him up, made a mark on his breast, and riddled his body with bullets, shooting at least fifty into him. Thus ended poor May. On the next day, being myself about six miles below with the squaws, I went out hunting. The day being windy I heard nothing of the firing of the battle, but saw some Indians on the retreat. One Indian, whom I knew, told me I had better go to camp, for the Indians were beaten and they were preparing at camp to make their escape. I went and found it as he described. The runners toward dusk came in, and said the army had halted and encamped. We then rested that night, but in great fear. Next morning the runners told us the army had started up the river toward the mouth of the Auglaise. We were then satisfied. Many of the Delawares were killed and wounded. The Indian who took May was killed, and he was much missed, for he was the only gunsmith among the Delawares."

This wealth our hero and his bride
In every sense personified,
That love mature could justly claim,
Obedient to Cupid's flame.

As blessings brighten as they fly,
As distance will delight the eye,
As pleasures grow through hope deferred,
As strains the eye through visions blurred,
Of what we long to realize
In earthly blessings which we prize —
'Tis thus that disappointments touch —
Or what despair may deem as such —
Serve but to heighten pleasures still,
When sweet contentment binds the will
Within discretion's practiced sphere
That comes around our pathway here,
And thus a good foundation lays
For future joys and happier days.

•

CANTO V.

The scene of this Canto is laid on the banks of the Muskingum river, at the home where Henston and his wife have settled.

As the dim twilight of the century past
Was vanishing like evening shadows cast
Upon the heath,
Our hero, Henston, and his happy wife,
Sat musing on the pleasing cares of life
Their roof beneath.

Some early friends in neighborhood allied,
Were there to see the olden century glide
Noiseless away,
As slowly creeps along the midnight hour,
Omnipotently led behind the power
Of years' decay.

Within the thoughtful group few words were said,
As vivid retrospective reveries fled
Across each mind,
Of by-gone scenes, like a dissolving view,
That live and die again to bring anew
What Heaven designed.

'Twas eleven o'clock when Henston fell asleep,
And early visions o'er his senses creep
In sensuous thought ;—
When in the forest haunts he lived again,
And with his Indian bride roamed o'er the plain
In image fraught.

'Twas but a moment thus that sleep ensnared
His intellect, that wakefulness repaired,
When at the gate,
Though late the hour, a gentle footstep prest.
The door was opened to the stranger guest —
A child of Fate.

Permilla in her ready sympathy
Received the child upon her mother knee
With accents mild.
Asked Henston: "Who's your mother, nege sheen?"*
"My mother's name was Gheezhigneenwateen,"
Replied the child.

Permilla looked the wanderer in the face,
And loved it — though a mixture of a race
Of nature's wild.
And Henston pressed the wanderer to his breast
With all the love a father's heart possessed
For his own child.

The clock struck twelve; the olden century flew,
And silence reigned as ushered in the new;
The moon arose
Majestic in the sky, a solitaire,
And voiceless language through the midnight air
Spoke the repose.

Up rose the sun to greet the infant morn;
The first the nineteenth century to adorn
With golden light
Throughout the lands that date from Jesus' birth,
Among the learned nations of the earth
Of christian rite.

* Little friend, in the Algonquin language.

And even here, upon the border wild,
Where recently had christian influence smiled
With love to man —
Higher and higher still its virtues rise,
A model of the christian sacrifice,
Its growth began.

Permilla, like the spirit of its type,
Without pretension, but in practice right,
To Henston said :
“ My dear, shall we adopt the little one,
As if he were our own beloved son
Inherited ? ”

The happy Henston granted her request ;
And here the little wanderer found rest
And mother's pride.
And in a father's tender love he grew,
To multiply his nuptial bliss anew
With his good bride.

Permilla, ah ! how little did you know
The love abiding that should ever grow
Till life should end,
Through your maternal love for Henston's boy,
That to your gate had come so meek and coy
To seek a friend.

A floral wreath was tattooed on his arm,
Done when an infant as a secret charm
To memorize
The blue-eyed girl the father left behind,
Whose image haunted his regretful mind,
A sacrifice.

These wounds now healed, his cup of bliss brimmed
o'er ;
And yet a kindly wish his bosom bore

To —'Neenwateen ;
But the young child could give but small relief
In his eventful tale of childish grief
Unknown to kin.

A modest youth of lowly parentage,
Once lived within New England's just presage
But little known.
He had a brain eccentric in its charm,
A conscience sensitive and void of harm
In him was shown.

His love was deep and every action naïve,
Few were his words, but his young heart was brave
And captious, too.
He was opposed to christian faith or creeds,
And only plumed himself on noble deeds
To justice true.

All christians seemed to shun the wayward youth.
And branded him heretical to truth
With shame distraught.
Beneath a public load of guilt thus bowed,
His stubborn heart in its rebellion vowed
Free speech and thought.

In vain the earnest deacons with him plead ;
To all their pious counsels he was dead —
In purpose fell :
But yet there was a voice that he would hear ;
And when it spoke to him, there came a tear
His thoughts to tell.

'Twas young Permilla's ; whose resistless charm
Subdued the force of his uplifted arm

Rebellious raised.
From her he learned the evening prayer to say,
While her example led him in the way
Where God was praised.

What marvel such an idol won his heart !
She was his life — his God — his better part —
Though but a child.
The nuptial vow was sealed on either side,
When she should take his hand and be his bride
By love beguiled.

And yet this child still languished for the boy
With whom her infant days were spent with joy,
Forever fled :
But he, with it, had vanished like a dream ;
And other hopes of plighted love might gleam
If he was dead.

The lover now the father took aside,
And humbly sued him for the gentle bride
With throbbing heart :
When he, with fury raging angrily,
Rebuked the swain for his temerity,
And bade depart.

The heavens now darkened to the lover's eyes ;
His heart was crushed, and he a sacrifice
To love's despair.
A raving maniac away he fled,
And soon was numbered with the missing dead —
No one knew where.

Permilla, now the victim of despair,
Fled from the turmoil of parental care
Her shame to hide,
And found a refuge from the eye of scorn
In solitude unknown ; — with hope forlorn
Alone she sighed.

But heaven's decrees protect the victim'd one.
As William to his home receives her son
As his own child.
And now Permilla, through her sighs and tears,
Is schooled in charity beyond her years
By love beguiled.

We'll now return again to Henston's home,
Ornate with bowers, where love delights to roam,
The soul to please ;
When, at the noontide hour of summer's day,
The western winds beneath the shadows play
Under the trees,

While thus were seated in the grateful shade,
Which o'er the lawn its flickering outline laid,
Henston and wife.
A carriage drove within their open gate :
Henston advanced to on the strangers wait,
With manners rife,

When his astonished eyes beheld within
His Indian mistress, Gheezhigdeenwateen —
With easy air.
Her husband, Henry, sitting by her side
Was he who sought Permilla for his bride
In humble prayer.

Permilla recognized his well known face ;
While heaven armed her with a prudent grace
To justify
The recognition of a youthful friend,
Whose welcome call by no means could transcend
A social tie.

Then Henston took the hand of — 'Neenwateen,
And introduced the daughter of a queen
To his good wife
As an old friend of his erratic days,
Whose father, in his own ingenious ways,
Had saved his life.

And soon inquiry came about her son —
Her first-born, when her wedded life begun —
Whose name was Swan.
The boy was brought ; but with a vacant stare
Beheld his mother, from whose tender care
He'd been withdrawn

When, at the victory gained by General Wayne,
The vanquished, fleeing through the wooded main,
Lost was the child,
And soon into the victor's lines he fell ;
But none there were his parentage to tell,
Or romance wild

By which the little wanderer had sprung
Into the world, the Western wilds among,
With blanched face ;
And as a trophy from the Western wild,
A volunteer took home the captured child
To his own place.

But in his veins nobility was bred,
From sire and mother both inherited
By nature's sway
Though seven years old, he could not brook a sneer,
Or in a servile attitude appear,
And fled away,

To rest within a tender father's care ;
And all the sweets of home, sweet home, to share,
In plenty spread.

The mother, though a native, was discreet ;
Her heart was full of joy her child to meet —
Thus rescued.

· She pressed her first-born to her throbbing breast,
And turned her eye toward the distant West,
Her native place,
Then unto Henston with emotion sighed,
“ I give my child to you, to be allied
To the white race.”

With deep impression now the parting came ;
When Henry spoke Permilla's dearest name
In sad good-by ;
While she serenely smiled with deep refrain,
As early recollections came again,
As visions fly.

Permilla next embraced the Indian bride,
Who pensive lingered by her husband's side
In dreamy thought.
All looked again, and said the word good-by ;
The curtain drops with many a parting sigh
By memory brought.

CANTO VI.

The scene of this Canto is laid at the house of Henston and Permilla, to which Alfred and William, Jr., have found their way soon after their arrival in the new settlement.

ONE day, when summer's haze had fled,
And autumn's touch had tinged with red
The leaf that flies before the wind
And leaves its naked stem behind,
Alone upon the balcony,
Permilla sat in reverie :
Two travelers approached her door,—
One of the youths she'd seen before.

"It is!—it is my dearest boy!"
She almost cried aloud for joy;
But prudence to her rescue came,
And she salutes him by his name.
"My boys, I'll be your mother here,
As if you were my oldest sons;"
Then wipes away a gathering tear
And calls around her little ones
To show them their big brothers now—
An epithet that all allow
To measure out a hearty cheer
And welcome to the pioneer.

The last reserve within her heart
Was sheltered with a virgin's art;
It longed to make its secret known
And then recoiled to love alone :—

An altar in a sacred shrine,
A treasure in a hidden mine ;
An ever living and unspent
Well-spring of love, by fortune sent,
To shed around her happy sphere
A magic charm that all revere ;
As if her heart here held a reserve
Some destined purposes to serve ;
And happy they whose fortune shared
The sweets of life her hands prepared.

Alfred and William's happy lot
To these enchantments now were brought,
As if a destiny to fill
Obedient to a higher will
That always smiles upon the good,
When virtue's rightly understood.

Amidst this spacious forest home
Their youthful feet delight to roam ;
For there's a grandeur in its shades,
Gleaming with rivers and with glades—
A boundless wilderness of trees
Bred in an age of mysteries,
That man may in its depths renew
An Eden, where first pleasures grew
In beauty, spread o'er nature's face,
To benefit the human race.

The cabin of the pioneer,
With all its rough exterior,
Reposing on the forest farm,
Is not without its rural charm ;
For oft within its creaking door
In flowing basket and in store,
In all the sweet amenities
That help to gladden and to please,

In thought and speech and frankness crowned;
A model household may be found.

The cottage of New England dells,
Where industry in comfort dwells,
While Muses charm a tuneful chime,
Will live in memory and rhyme.
Then why should less the log-built cot
In measured numbers be forgot
Where lives again the early days
Of "Auld" New England's pleasing ways?

The child is taught his A B C,
And nightly on the bended knee,
Glad in his Heavenly Father's care,
Repeats his simple nursery prayer.

These teachings came from Plymouth rock,
Inherited from English stock
Of Puritans in James First's reign,
Transported o'er the watery main.

And provident is nature's hand,
With ample means at her command
To multiply this leaven, sent,
Till it has filled the continent.

When childhood into youth has grown,
Then grows the seed thus early sown,
To ripen in maturer age;—
Attuned to glowing youth's presage.

The festive boards and gilded halls,
Are not the scenes that age recalls
As treasured most of early days,—
Or fittest for the Muses' lays.

The inward thoughts that flush the mind
When youth to manhood is inclined,

And chafes to join of life the dance
That fires the heart as years advance :

'Tis then the adolescent soul
Is thirsty for the flowing bowl ;
And copious drinks the living spring
Of youth's precocious inkling,
And revels in the sunny hours
Along a path of blushing flowers.

And why should not these halcyon days
Be spent in these enchanted ways—
If honor rules the fleeting hour
And grasps the reins of rising power?

These are the springs of storied fame
That ornament the nation's name,—
The driving wheels that move the train
Of public good through private gain.

For aught that tends to private good
Will tend, if rightly understood,
To compensate the public weal ;
And stamp it with a golden seal—
The emblematic guarantee
Of freedom, faith and liberty.

These inspirations rule the mind
When governments are first designed ;
And in their early years dispense
The measure of benevolence,
In which all have an even share
As subjects of the public care ;
This is the charm that rallies here
The bold, adventurous pioneer.

Peculiar to his special age,
Alone he stands on history's page ;

He lived and grew on nature's spoil,
Teeming in plenty from the soil
And never felt a servile fear
Or cringed beneath a haughty sneer
From any man above his grade
To whom an homage should be paid.

His garments were of rustic woof,
The product of the hetchel tooth ;
Or buckskin of domestic brand,
Or woolen fabrics made by hand.
But honor in his manly breast
Was graced with nature's gentleness.

While basking in her youthful days,
The rising state its tribute pays
To merit, though of humble birth.
It is received for what it's worth,
And industry commands its price,
Unshackled yet by art's device.

These were her trusty days of youth,
Of gushing sentiment and truth,
Self sacrifice and patriot zeal,
To faithful serve the public weal :
When honesty a premium wins,—
Essential ere a man begins
A place of public trust to fill,
Elected by the people's will.

A forest life in freedom's air
Exempts a man from social care ;
And all his household share the charm
That gathers round a forest farm.

Each member has a horse to ride,
And every girl, with modest pride,
Accomplished in equestrian skill,
Swift through the vale and o'er the hill,

She vanishes away with speed
When mounted on her flying steed.

Even the mother rides with art,
And plays with ease Diana's part,
As gracefully she reins her steed,
Ambling along with careful heed.

Their ample board is daily spread
With fowl and meat by nature bred,—
The product of the marksman's skill,
While ranging through the heather still.

The boys are dextrous in this art ;
And each can play the hunter's part,
E'en while they're in the early teen—
With tenor voice and beardless chin.

Oh, give me the wild woods, my hearties, for cheer !
The dog, and the gun, and the carnival here,
Of the camp in the forest, where earth is our bed,
Beneath the broad canopy over our head !

The venison is pierced with the sharp wooden spit,
The "Johnny cake" mixt and the camp fires lit ;
When all is made ready the camp cloth is spread,
And jollity reigns while the hunters are fed.

You may feast on your luxuries dainty and rare,
With your dishes disguised for an epicure's snare,
And your appetite pampered with brandy and wine,
So essential to guests when invited to dine,—
But give me the feasts which the hunters prepare,
Invitingly spread in the wilderness air.

And give me the joys that the pioneer knows,
When the forest is felled by the wood-chopper's
blows ;

The orchard is planted, the cabin is made,
And plans for the future successfully laid.

Light taxes to pay, and no suits to defend,
No assessments to fee a political friend,
No clannish inductions or intricate rings,
The popular conscience to wound with its stings.

A man every inch is the pioneer bold ;
His wealth is in treasures more precious than gold ;
He carries his youth till in years he is old,
And his name is with honor forever enrolled.

A mansion may follow his wilderness cot,
Luxury may gather around the wild spot,
The wealth of the Indies may fall to his lot ;
But his bushwhacking riot is never forgot.

CANTO VII.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

WILLIAM, foster-father of William, Jr.

SARAH, foster-mother of William, Jr.

LYDIA, William, Jr's, intended bride.

WILTON, Lydia's father.

MARY, Lydia's mother.

GRACE, Alfred's intended bride.

JUDSON, Grace's father.

HANNAH, Grace's mother.

JACOB, Alfred's father.

EMILY, Alfred's mother.

PROLOGUE.

THREE sturdy oaks stood in an open ground,
Whose bracing roots had pierced the stubborn soil
Through rocky seams with solid earth inlaid ;
Beneath their wavering shade all round there rose
A shelving quarry just above the green,
As if an earthquake had its strata turned
Sidewise above the even, grassy plain.
These venerable oaks had braved a thousand storms ;
And pilgrims learned to love their gnarled trunks
Which rose above the winter's drifting snows,
Stripped of their foliage, like naked masts,
When ocean's storm rolls up the swelling wave,
And sails are reefed before the angry blasts :
But more they loved their summer's noontide shade
That mottled o'er the rocky plain around.
Hard by, the parish church uplifts its spire,
Where every Sabbath came from far and near
The rustic husbandman with wife and all
To spend the entire day in serving God.

Except on fasting days the lunch was brought,
To eat at intermission's quiet hour ;
'Twas then they gathered in the oak tree's shade,
And there around some venerable sire
Who'd fought at Bunker Hill or Brandywine,
The oft-told tale of war was told again,*
But never told too oft for listening ears.
The trodden path that circled round and round,
Drew to the old church door its even way ;
And old men tottered on its scrolling curves,
While youngsters skipped along with nimble step
To gather at the service once again
When intermission's social hour was spent.
As circling years rolled on, the grass o'ergrew
The beaten paths around the old church door,
And mosses gathered round the granite steps
Which nimble feet had polished with their tread.
Death had been tardy with the elder ones
In that old-fashioned age of quiet life,
But one by one the youthful sons had gone
To seek their fortune on a grander scale
Than future promise offered them at home.
The evergreen and laurel soon o'ergrew
The grassy pastures where the cattle fed,
And here again the chary partridge drummed
And the sly fox his lonely borough dug
Among the infant forests on the lawn
Which slowly trenched upon the homestead farm
For want of muscular hands to prune them down.
The fathers sighed because the boys had gone,
The girls hummed musing airs and blushed aside
While Eros reigned within their trusting hearts.

* The writer himself has a distant recollection of listening to such recitals from old revolutionary soldiers given beneath the shadow of venerable oak trees which grew around the old church in Lyndeborough, N. H., which has long since been torn down and a new one built in its place.

*Scene in the shade of the trees beside the house of
WILLIAM, SR., the artist who rescued WILLIAM,
JR., from the haunted house and adopted him
as his eldest son, keeping the secret from him.*

Wm. Welcome, my trusty friends who gather
here!

Warm summer's breath ne'er hummed a sweeter
chime

Than as it whispers through the venerable boughs
That shelter us to listen to its song.

It sings to you and me of years just past

So lately when the tree-fringed * welkin rung

With merry shouts and boisterous revelry

From the lithe tongues of our erratic boys.

Now they are men in measure and in strength ;

Not wayward in their bent and turn of mind,

But yet a cap of gray for their green heads

Would utilize the force of their young brains,

And lead them to the paths of coming fame

Where western empire's star is rising now ;—

Yes, where a thousand leafy falls

Have flushed the soil with everlasting strength,

Through fertile valleys wild and desolate,

Trod only by the deer and pilfering wolf.

Where nature's amplitude has spread a store

Of wealth uncounted for the magic touch

Of hands to metamorphose into life ;

They will not leave this grand inheritance

To delve again among these rock-clad hills ;

But we can leave these toils and go to them,

To guide the kindling fires of their brains

That overbrim the muscles of their limbs.

* Among the hilly portions of New England the lower portions of the sky dipped into pine forests in the early day, so near that their jagged tops were shown in relief on the ground-work of blue beyond in the charming landscape.

Jac. I am an humble man, unlearned in speech ;
Have toiled these forty years among the hills
Where rest our fathers in the churchyard laid.
Here every rock that studs the homestead farm,
My children's little naked feet have climbed
While in their swaddling clothes ;
And stood upon their tops to see the sun
Grow larger as it dipped the evening sky ;
Or faintly traced the milky-colored moon,
And watched it till it grew to yellow gold
Amidst a firmament of twinkling stars,
While oft their little mimic voices chimed
Sonorous with the robin's twilight notes,
That sang the requiem of dissolving day.
It may be weak in me to love my farm
Although my arms have urged but feeble store
From its produce with many a weary strain,
And still these very toils have bound me here
As if to tear my very heart in two ;
While Alfred's lot is cast in the far West,
My feeble hands must till the farm alone,
With a still feebler heart to urge them on,
When age is shortening my weary step
And life is gathering to a narrow span.

Em. Well, Jacob,—rocks and hills and farm
and all—

When weighed against our children's hopes in life,
Would sever from their moorings to the earth,
And vanish like the silvery spray of June
Lost in a cloudless sky at morning's dawn ;
While yet their forms may linger in the mind,
And cling around the faithful heart like tendrils
Of an old perennial vine whose young embrace
Had fixed its coils inflexible in age.*

* It is within the memory of the writer that the emigration from New England was in an active state. It was called the western fever ;

Sal. This rosebud (Grace) would blossom in
the West,

A peerless flower planted in its sphere.

Gra. You represent me in such brilliant hues,
My feeble tongue is balked for a reply.
I am a plain and simple girl ; obedient,
As becomes my early years, withal
Ambitious ; with an ever trusting heart,
Unclouded yet by disappointment's touch.

Wm. Well said, fair Grace, you are a genius true,
Taught by Dame Nature in the modest ways
Becoming to your years and to your sex ;
You and Lydia both will go through safe,
Or I'll renounce my skill in prophecy.
What if the younger men are gone away ?
They'll not stay long alone ; but they'll return
As loyal subjects to the old hearthstone
To pay allegiance to their first inheritance ;
And this allegiance will ne'er be paid
Till each hath won the hand of some fair maid.

Lyd. Very consoling, surely, to the fair ;—
But what's to be the fate of those who're not,—
Pray, Master William, have you these forgot ?

Wm. Pardon, Miss Lydia, it is very clear
There is no such problem for solution here.

Wil. E'en if there were, William is good for't ;—
He'd dive into the depths of her deep soul,
And to the surface bring some panacea
To lift the pall from off her burdened heart ;
He'd fan the dormant spark into a flame
To flush her homely face with pensive charms,

and even then so prevalent that the price of farms depreciated, pastures were allowed to grow up to pine forests, old cemeteries presented a lonesome appearance where rested our fathers, sometimes without a kindred descendant to crop the fuzzy June grass that grew on their graves, or even prune down the witch-hazel brush that may have invaded their resting place.

To win some thoughtful mind with love amazing
That's sure to shun "the rose that all are praising."

Lyd. Oh, Master William, luck to me is brought,
That in your tutelage is cast my lot ;
I'll try to be as good as I can be.

Gra. Pray, Master William, take the charge of
me.

Jud. Yes, Master William, they're safe within
your care—

Mary. From every danger and from every snare.

Han. Mary, when we were girls, we never knew
Such consolations for a homely face.

Wil. They were not needed ; for they never
grew

Among the children of your native race ;
From Plymouth Rock these gifts began their date,
And gathered strength as grew the rising state.

Wm. Nor kings nor princes are the patentees
Of aristocracy in sentiment ;
The healthiest germs of true nobility
Take deepest root within the fallow soil
Where the wild flowers unexpected bloom ;
Even as these young girls are gently bred,
Clad in the habitude of modest aims,
Yet worthy in the noblest ranks to shine ;
Not through the rights inherited by birth—
A juster claim is theirs to honor's roll ;
It comes along a path by genius trod,
Holding within its hands those magic spells
That turn the purposes of man—

Wil. Toward themselves.

Mary. Lydia never looks so far ahead ;
She's quite absorbed with painting and with books ;
Pleased that she wins her Master William's praise,
And studious to honor his good trust.

Wil. Pardon for my volition, master of minds,
 I pray you think less, for thy stomach's sake ;—
 Lest indigestion check the vital stream :
 Leave sentiment to your pencil's silent tongue
 That speaks in deepest tones of eloquence.
 And now, unbend from deep philosophy,
 To revel on the lowly plain of life,
 Where mortals dwell like Mary and like me :
 Thine inspiration, true, we sometimes share
 To raise our minds above the din of toil ;
 And now, I pay you back in my own coin,
 To modify and recreate your mind.

Sah. I'll pardon you, and thank you, too,
 For interposing with such kind behoof ;
 You represent a law that's practical—
 And leads us through the plain routine of life ;
 While William takes us up the Alpine heights
 Of maiden's dreams, where all delight to go,
 But cannot tarry there through middle age,
 While threading through the paths of life the stage.

Wm. My friends, I stand confessed a culprit
 here ;
 Excuse the unwitting thefts that banish cheer,
 Let lighter studies variegate the scene.

Sah. And aught that pleases us may intervene.
 Lydia, where have you gone so coy and shy ?

Mary. She's just sat down to paint a little fly,
 Just lit upon that rich Bohemian vase :—
 Well, let the insect quietly remain.

Han. To try to frighten it would be in vain ;
 Though but a bit of paint, it is a fly ;—
 If we can trust the measure of our eye.
 Grace, what do you think of this illusive art ?

Grace. It is just the thing to play a comic part ;
 When the next thirsty traveler passes by,
 If from the vase he brushes at the fly

Ere his parched lips may taste the cooling draught,
Then Lydia 's crowned the mistress of her craft.

Wm. I leave this all to you, mischievous girls,
This is your realm when in your teens and curls ;
But 'don't forget that ev'n a silly fly
May sometimes " cast the hazard of a die."
Sarah, my dear, look at this quaint device
That Lydia's hand has made but in a trice
Inside the brim of this Bohemian vase,
With folded wings of finest gossamer lace,
A model of the one you like so well,
That sits in silence like a fairy spell
Where first unwittingly it quickly grew—
A monument of your father's care for you.

Sah. Lydia, you have a very ready touch,
To improvise so quickly ; quite as much
As practiced masters in their reveries
Who've graduated at fine art's degrees.

Wil. Young girls, look there among the distant
pines
Where round the point the scrolling road inclines ;
Two men are coming at a rapid pace
As if intent upon a walking race ;
They're two athletic youths its plain to see,
So quick they've vanished round the open lea,
Along the river's craggy headland shore,
Round which its limpid waters swiftly pour.

Wm. [*Calling to the hired man.*]
Elisha, drive that flock of geese away.

Wil. I pray you, William, let them stay awhile ;
To youthful travelers they're a tempting wile ;
Their downy breasts suggest a feather bed,—
A bride's behest when to the altar led.
While yet remains a single miss at home
The feathered flock is still allowed to roam ;

Essential when the girl becomes a wife,
 To furnish her a start in married life.
 Hence, youthful travelers call where geese are seen,
 To bandy words with circumspectful mien ;
 Expecting there to find some blushing sprite
 To play the hostess in her ways polite ;
 And if you let those feathered fowls remain ;
 To feed in quiet on the grassy plain,
 Those two young men will hardly pass the place
 Without a halt to see a pretty face.

Lyd. Then, Elisha, drive those goslings far
 away,—

Gra. That they may not our single lot betray.

The two young travelers now approach, and prove to be ALFRED and WILLIAM, JR., unexpectedly returned from the West. After the first flush of mingled joy and surprise are over, the wine vase is filled, and WILLIAM requested to fill the glasses from it. All eyes are turned toward him to see if he would notice the painted fly. He made a motion to brush it away before filling the glasses. LYDIA bore the complimentary honors with becoming modesty. WILLIAM and SARAH are moved with deep emotion. Here we will leave the happy group to renew the old ties of consanguinity with ALFRED and WILLIAM, JR., and listen to their adventures in the great interior ;—as the valley of the Muskingum was then looked upon to be.

CANTO VIII.

The scene of this canto is on a pleasure boat on the Merrimac river.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

WILLIAM and his wife, SARAH, and their children.

WILTON and his wife, MARY.

JACOB and his wife, EMILY.

JUDSON and his wife, HANNAH.

WILLIAM, JR.

ALFRED.

GRACE.

LYDIA.

HENSTON and his wife, PERMILLA, on a visit from the West.

Wil. Friends, we are here to honor our guests—
Henston, and his distinguished wife, Permilla ;
And with this end in view, we now embark
On this delightful range along these shores,
Bathed by this limpid stream on either side,
And animate with life and beauty crowned.
Not long ago these undulating hills
Were all our fathers knew of our land ;
Now they are but the portals to its depths ;
Majestic in their wild, unmeasured realms —
A broad asylum hidden in reserve,
Our generation's purposes to serve.
Henston, you've sounded them with bold design ;
We pray you would delight our listening ears
With some recitals of your frontier life
When you were hemmed amidst the fields of strife.

Hcn. True, I have served my country as a spy,
Far in the wilds bequeathed to savage ken,

By the great Manitou, the master of their lives.
While faithful I have served my country's flag,
Still pity oft hath reveled in my heart
For many a hero taught in nature's book,
High bred with lofty virtues never known
Within a trained civilian's coysome breast.
I've shared the mat,* and the last stinted meal
By savage hospitality vouchsafed,
When I was but a traitor in disguise
To spread the toils of danger in their camp:
And yet they loved me for my friendly mask;—
For why should they withhold their gushing faith,
Untutored as they were in courtly wiles?
Full many a blanched face among them grew,
Right loyal to their naïve allurements,
That live and grow and gather marvelous strength
Amidst their charmed and voiceless solitudes.
Some cast their lot among them as a choice;
As hermits shelter like a hid recluse;
Others were captives in their tender years
And only knew a swarthy parent's love,—
Sanguine and concentrated in its gush,
And unalloyed with ceremonial bonds.
'Twas thus I found them in their forest haunts
When General Wayne invaded their domain;
And oft I sent him messages of trust
By shy apostates to their waning cause.
And when the fatal day of battle came,
The painted braves were in a covert crouched
Where the tornado's gathering wrath had mowed
The standing forests like the hayman's scythe.†

* A skin spread on the ground, on which the Indians slept.

† The place that the Indian chief, Little Turtle, had chosen to fight General Wayne was called the "Fallen Timber;" where a tornado had leveled the forest a few years before, and afforded a covert, for the Indians supposed it to be impenetrable to Wayne's army; but they were easily driven from it by shelling the treacherous place of ambush.

Here, like a thunderbolt from cloudless skies,
 A sudden storm of shot and fiery shells
 Burst vengefully amidst their ambuscade.
 Before this tempest fierce of flying shot,
 Then Little Turtle fled from his white foes ;—
 He who had conquered many a hard-fought field,
 By Harmer and St. Clair and others waged,
 He was a brave but fallen chieftain now,
 But no dishonor stained his martial brow.

Wm. Where were you, Henston, when the battle
 raged?

Hen. Not very far from Little Turtle's side : —
 I watched the hero when his warriors fled,
 Retreating to the kindly forest glooms
 When consternation filled each warrior's heart,
 Hid by a wooden immobility
 That scorned to cower before a victor's wand ;
 But yet some tender words to captives said
 Fell from their foster fathers' earnest tongues,*

* The following statement of John Brickell, already quoted in a previous canto, was published in the *American Pioneer* in 1844; and is here inserted as authentic testimony to show in its true light the simple virtues that illumined the dark and thorny path of the Indians. Their conquerors have been their historians, and this gives increased value to any information from unprejudiced eye-witnesses from among them :

"On the same day Whingwy Pooshies told me I must go over to the fort. The children hung round me crying, and asked me if I was going to leave them? I told them I did not know. When we got over to the fort, and were seated with the officers, Whingwy Pooshies told me to stand up, which I did; he then rose and addressed me in about these words: 'My son, there are men the same color with yourself. There may be some of your kin there, or your kin may be a great way off from you. You have lived a long time with us. I call on you to say if I have not been a father to you? If I have not used you as a father would use a son?' I said, 'You have used me as well as a father could use a son.' He said, 'I am glad you say so. You have lived long with me; you have hunted for me; but our treaty says you must be free. If you choose to go with the people of your own color, I have no right to say a word; but if you choose to stay with me, your people have no right to speak. Now reflect on it and take your choice, and tell us as soon as you make up your mind.' I was silent a few minutes, in which time it seemed as if I thought of almost everything. I thought of the children I had just left crying; I thought of the Indians I was attached to, and I thought of my people which I remembered, and this latter thought pre-

Which measured the unchanging love that burns
 Spontaneous in each unpretending heart
 For these loved ones from whom they now must
 part.

dominated; and I said, 'I will go with my kin.' The old man then said, 'I have raised you; I have learned you to hunt. You are a good hunter. —You have been better to me than my own sons. I am now getting old and I cannot hunt. I thought you would be a support to my age. I leaned on you as on a staff. Now it is broken.—You are going to leave me, and I have no right to say a word; but I am ruined.' He then sank back in tears to his seat. I heartily joined him in his tears—parted with him, and have never seen nor heard of him since.

"The Delawares are the best people to train up children I ever was with. They never whip, and scarce ever scold them. I was once struck a stroke, and but once while a member of the family; and then but just touched. They are remarkably quiet in the domestic circle. A dozen may be in one cabin, of all ages, and often scarcely noise enough to prevent the hearing a pin fall on a hard place. Their leisure hours are, in a measure, spent in training up their children to observe what they believe to be right. They often point out bad examples to them and say, 'See that bad man, he is despised by everybody; he is older than you; if you do as he does, everybody will despise you by the time you are as old as he is.' They often point to good examples as worthy of imitation; such as braves and honest men. I know I am influenced to good, even at this day, more from what I learned among them than what I learned among people of my own color. Well might Jefferson say, 'The principles of their society forbid all compulsion.'

"Honesty, bravery, and hospitality are cardinal virtues with them. Let a man prove himself remiss in either of these respects, and he will soon find he has no business with that people. If a man prove to be cowardly, the finger of scorn is soon pointed at him, and he hears 'Squaw!' pronounced. In that way they turn a strong current of public sentiment against all commissions or omissions of their moral and religious code. In respect to hospitality and neighborly kindness, they set a good example for any people to follow. It may be truly said of them in the language of Logan, 'When did ever a white man enter an Indian cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat?' When a company of strangers or travelers come to a town and encamp, they are not asked if they want anything, but a runner starts through the town proclaiming that strangers have arrived. On this intelligence every family cooks of the best they have and take to the strangers, for which there is no thought of a charge being made, or anything given in return. If they want to be helped on their way, every possible assistance is granted them in the same benevolent spirit. Their rules and traditions forbid any indiscriminate intercourse of the sexes; and I believe, as respects the crimes of fornication and adultery, they are the most strictly chaste and virtuous people on earth. They worship the Great Spirit, whom they call Manitou; which signifies or conveys to their mind the idea of all strength, or rather all sufficiency. They never used that name irreverently on one occasion when I was with them. They have no terms in their language by which they can swear profanely; and if they ever do it, it must be by means of phrases learned of white men. Their young, in a remarkable degree, reverence

Sah. Were they delivered up to their own kin?

Hen. Yes, with many a tender parting word.
 Old Whingwy Pooshies was an aged chief,
 A gentle heart reigned in his iron breast;
 And when the captives of the battle-field
 That earlier years had crowned with victory
 Were brought around the savage council fires,
 They found in him a father in their griefs.

Per. Then Henston was released from soldier life;
 We met, and I am his obedient wife.

Gra. Poor Whingwy Pooshies, what a good
 old man!

and honor the aged, especially their parents. They do not covet each other's goods, nor intentionally make a false accusation against anyone, that I ever knew.

"It was about the first of June, 1795, that I parted with Whingwy Pooshies. The next day I started for Fort Greenville. I rode on a horse furnished by the Americans. I was under the charge and protection of Lieutenant Blue, who treated me with every kindness, and at Fort Greenville had a good suit of clothes made for me by a tailor. We had been there about a week when a company of men arrived from Cincinnati, among whom was a brother of my brother's wife, with whom I had lived, and from whom I was taken. He told me of a sister I had who was married and lived about nine miles from Cincinnati, up Licking, on the Kentucky side. I then left Mr. Blue at Fort Greenville and went to my sister's. She and all the neighbors seemed to be overjoyed; and a great crowd collected to see me and hear about my living among the Indians.

"In 1797 I came to this place, that is now Columbus, Ohio, and have resided here ever since; generally enjoying good health, never having cost a dollar in my life for medical aid, and without ever wearing anything like a stocking inside of my moccasins, shoes, or boots, from the time I went among them to this day; and I can say, what perhaps few can at this day, that my feet are never cold.

"At another time, the Lord granting the opportunity, I will give more of the incidents of my life, as connected with the settlement and improvement of the country. One thing seemed remarkable. While among the Indians I often prayed to be released from my captivity and to live among a christian people again; promising, if the Lord would grant that blessing, I would make open profession of his name. Soon after my arrival in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, I thought the time had come; but my courage failed, and I prayed to be excused till I settled in the world. That prayer seemed to be granted; and, soon after I settled on the Sciota, the impressions that the time had come revived with seemingly double force, and I was made to give up; and I have from that time to this enjoyed the consolations of religion, which none can appreciate but those who have experience in it. Given under my hand in the city of Columbus, Ohio, this 29th day of January, 1842."

Lyd. How I should love to paint his grief-worn face,
And trace the lines that sorrow there engraved !

Wm. Yes, such are rare subjects for the artist's touch,

That always seeks for some excess of love
Or hate — some overweening dash, to fill
The measure of an overzealous heart.

These are the toys that artists play with
At the easel ; 'tis the harvest for their hands —
The common routine of their daily toil.

Hen. Young girls, I love to see your hearts so warm
Toward those old heroic ones ; though lowly born,
They acted well their part on battle's plain ;
They fought with courage, but they fought in vain
Against the destiny of hidden fate
That guides the fortunes of our rising state.

Sal. Where is the hero, Little Turtle, now ?

Hen. He is an old, respected citizen,
Pensioned and honored by the government,
Whose high esteem is challenged by his deeds
As seen through tenderness to captives shown,
Through valiant conduct on the battle-field,
And moderate counsels when a victor crowned.*

* During the early frontier wars, Little Turtle adopted a captive child named David Wells into his family, and raised him with exemplary care. He was the son of General Wells, of Kentucky. The child had a great affection for his foster-father, and rendered him essential service when he overwhelmed the army of St. Clair with the most appalling defeat ever received by an American army from the hands of Indians. Three years afterward, when General Wayne invaded the Indian country, Little Turtle counseled submission ; but was unable to convince his people of the wisdom of such a measure. Defeat was the result ; and the Indians were obliged to accept such terms as the victors offered, which were to give up the fairest portions of their country. Nearly half the state of Ohio, and the land on which now stand the cities of Chicago and Detroit, were the spoils of the victors at the treaty of Greenville, that followed this defeat. Wells still remained with the Indians most of his time, although he sometimes visited his kindred. He was at Fort Wayne

Em. Henston, we're much indebted unto thee
For entertainment on this evening sail.

Han. With one accord we all agree in this ;
Now let us moor our vessel by the shore,
In this secluded cove, and spread our lunch.

Mary. Oh, do not land in that old haunted
house !

Wil. It's just the place ;—we want to see the
ghosts.

Wm. They'll hardly trespass on our valiant
group,
For Henston is a mighty host himself ;—
Whose martial figure hardly will invite
The captious goblins on a moonlit night.

Mary. Well then, we'll land, escorted by the
brave,
Who from all harm our company will save.

The boat is moored, and all step ashore with their lunch baskets, and seat themselves under the hemlock trees, where the ground is spread with a thick mat of their cast-off foliage—the accumulation of many years. Their lunch is spread, and they proceed to eat by the light of the moon. Permilla is the prevailing spirit, whose impressibility seems to manifest itself by an unusual charm—all the more irresistible

when the Pottawatomies gathered around Fort Dearborn, at Chicago, in 1812; and, hearing of the dangerous situation of the garrison, at the head of a few Miami Indians hastened to its defense. He arrived in time to take part in the battle after the fort was evacuated, and was among the slain. After the battle Billy Caldwell, a Pottawatomie chief, who was well known to some of the present citizens of Chicago (1881), saw and recognized his head, severed from his body, and buried it in the sand. This was the last of that noble-hearted man whose dust is now trampled upon by the citizens of Chicago, who know little of his native love for his fellow creatures. No monument marks his sepulcher, and history alone preserves his memory. Little Turtle's grave is near Fort Wayne; over which stands a modest tombstone erected by the United States Government.

for the silent force that gathers the group under her influence. At first she speaks but little; then gradually begins to enliven the company with an increased flow of gentle words, and finally gives vent to the following,—improvised as if by a supernatural power. She stood under the same tree, as she spoke, where, twenty-two years before, she had stood concealed from a frowning world—trembling between hope and despair; but no mortal eye had ever pierced the secret of her soul:

When night had hushed the busy cares of day,
And nature slept beneath the moon's pale ray,
A feeble cry of innocent despair
Is faintly carried through the evening air;
As when a cast-off flower before the wind
Hath left its lonesome parent stalk behind
To tempt the sport of fickle fortune's turn,
To love and cherish, or to hate and spurn.
And yet the accents of that feeble cry
Pierces the vault of yonder star-lit sky;
There was a pathos in that feeble cry
That angels felt and knew the reason why:
For angel eyes can see with heavenly light
The mortal heart that's humble and contrite.
A tempest tossed bird upon the sea
Far o'er the deep abyss beyond the lea;
An angel tossed a bark above its crest,—
A haven for the little fledgling's rest.

These words went deep into the heart of WILLIAM and SARAH, who could fully appreciate them as far as their application to WILLIAM, JR., could be traced; but they knew not the spirit that gave vent to them. Perhaps they came through the

inspiration of some good angel that dallied round this hermitage. The seal of silence lent its impress to this feeling, and their hearts brimmed over with adoration for some invisible soul whose presence was felt in their midst. Where could it find an object to rest upon but PERMILLA? SARAH threw her arms around her; WILLIAM, JR., caught the infection by sympathy, and tenderly embraced his two mothers.

When the human soul is lifted to a giddy height above the common plain of life, a release must come by some transition. PERMILLA sought this in the arms of her husband, where she took refuge in a waking dream; a reunion of the tender passions of youth now matured and refined into an abiding tranquillity:—

As sweet as childish reveries are,
Within a mother's tender care.

CANTO IX.

Moonlight scene under the old oak trees on the Church grounds. Wedding of ALFRED and GRACE, and WILLIAM, JR., and LYDIA. A letter to be opened and read, which was written by THE OLD MAN (SARAH's father) with a dying request that it should remain unsealed twenty-five years, which time has now expired, and by common consent made the occasion of the wedding of the young affianced.

[Guests assembled.]

Old revolutionary soldiers seated on one side of a rustic altar, in which the minister stands. On the other side of the altar are seated WILLIAM, SR., WILTON, SARAH, JUDSON, and HENSTON, with their wives. In front of the altar are the two bridegrooms and brides. Outside of all these are the audience, who came by general invitation. After the marriage ceremony is over, HENSTON, by request, breaks the seal of THE OLD MAN's letter, and reads as follows:

ALL nature smiles when spring begins ;
And warmer suns the victory wins
O'er winter's cold and icy reign
That spreads a pall upon the plain.

Then earth takes on a livelier hue,
And heaven distills her pearly dew,
And life and beauty crown the heath
With genial summer's emerald wreath.

But autumn's touch these colors fade ;
When fallen lies the grassy blade ;
And seared and yellow is the leaf
That rustles in the forest heath.

Perennial flowers lay down to rest,
Reposing on their mother's breast ;
And beetles pierce the autumn turf,
For shelter in their mother earth.

Then all are hushed again to sleep,
As winter o'er their bed shall creep,
Till spring revives them once again
To revel through a summer's reign.

How perfect then is nature's hand,
Through God's omniscient power planned ;
To wake to life, and hush to death,
With winter's touch and summer's breath ;
To recreate with wondrous power
What time and tide and change devour.

And this is God's almighty plan
To benefit his image—man !
And who can measure all the joy
These changes bring for our employ ?

Affection's smiles, and passion's glow,
From these conditions live and grow ;
And should we never live again,
Death would inspire a cold refrain ;
But he who sends reviving spring,
With nature's voice his praise to sing,
Will not annihilate the soul —
The choicest gem that crowns the whole.

And higher still our thoughts shall rise,
When flesh hath made its sacrifice,

And mouldered once again to clay—
The debt of nature's toils to pay.

Between the heavens and the earth
A mystery gathers from our birth;
What is there in that starry maze—
Along the welkin's sable haze,
Where dreamy thoughts delight to dwell,
Transported in a fairy spell—
What visions flame the shadowy night,
Revealing to our mortal sight
What life on earth can ne'er bestow,
In our pilgrimage below.

We look to other worlds than ours
To ornament our path with flowers;
And in our imagery we see
Bright visions of eternity.

Whate'er on earth is loveliest,
Is there enthroned among the blest;
And revels there among the spheres
Beyond the vale of sighs and tears.

This must be true as nature's book,
For when we in its pages look,
In savage life or civilized,
A heaven above is improvised
Where earthly griefs are all condoned;
Or by redeeming love atoned.

The Veda even teaches this
By precept and antithesis;
And he is an iconoclast,
To sympathy and pleasures lost,
Who fain would cut the immortal thread
By which the soul to heaven is led.

The bible teaches us the same,
Through a Redeemer's holy name ;
And Solomon and David sung,
With wisdom's voice and silvery tongue,
The just reward for virtue here
Eternal in the future sphere.

But whether this is so or not,
What gain we in our earthly lot
To turn against our fellow man
And violate his Maker's plan ?

Has virtue not her own reward ?—
And is not every vice abhorred
That love and innocence offends ?—
Or nature's perfect law transcends ?

True, evil enters in the world,
And vice is oft amongst us hurled ;
But ignorance begets it all ;
For, if we date from Adam's fall,
A casuist would surely own
They should have let the fruit alone
For their own sakes, in Eden's bowers,
Where pleasures chased the flying hours ;
And would—if they had known the fate
That followed since they plucked and ate.

Milton has told the story well,
Of griefs that then the world befell ;
But all his learning and his wit
Has never solved the mystery yet
By dogmas or by logic tried ;
And with the bard have others vied
In essays, and in faith's decrees,
In sermons and in homilies —
The fruits our first reformers bore,
Venerable with early christian lore.

These masters lived in days of thought,
And to the cause their logic brought ;
It stands unrivaled in our age
By ministers, or bard, or sage ;
And we accept the mystery,
Bequeathed to us by their decree.

But if we cannot answer why
That evil thoughts our virtues try,
This pretext should be no excuse
Why we should authorize abuse
Against our fellow creatures here,
Who come within our daily sphere.

And knowledge shows a better way
To guide us, lest we go astray—
In paths of peace, which justice knows,
Where honor, grace and love repose.

With one accord will all agree
That thoughts will live immortally ;
These are the products of the mind
To future centuries consigned ;
Diffusive ever, and unspent
Throughout each earthly continent.

And this is all of earthly name
That immortality can claim ;
These are the soul of dying man—
All he can leave to time's long span.

The body mouldered into clay
May clothe another soul some day,
Or from its dust may grow a flower
That blushes in a courtly bower.

This is a part of God's design,
In his economy divine —

In change and evolution seen,
Though ages each may roll between.

His perfect law all nature fills,
And compensates with good its ills ;
Though oft unseen to mortal eyes,
Vice ne'er escapes its sacrifice ;
While God repays our virtues here
In blessings in our earthly sphere ;—
And vain the voice that speaks distrust,
When God's and nature's laws are just.
“ Get knowledge—understanding get ;”
These cure the ills which life beset.

Thus spoke the patriarchal sage,
Who crowned with wisdom his own age.
This, children, is the legacy
That I bequeath in love to thee.

'Twill not corrupt with moth nor rust,
But last till flesh shall turn to dust ;
No thief from you this wealth can steal
Ere death shall mark you with its seal.

Then when you cross the flowing stream
That earth and heaven rolls between,
This is the oil your lamps shall fill,
When tarry at our father's will
The bridegroom and the heavenly bride,
To meet you on the other side.

CANTO X.

Twenty-four miles below the falls, at Louisville, Salt river empties into the Ohio. Travel up this stream through its low valley between two bluffs till you come to Rolling fork, and thence up the latter till the little affluent of Knob creek is reached, and here, as its name indicates, you reach the summit heights which form a part of the sources of the main river. As from some elevation you view the long range of bluffs that vanish into the southern sky, looking up this valley Muldrews Hill is conspicuous; and here it was that Lincoln's childhood, from his fourth to his eighth year, was spent along the waters of Knob creek; though the place of his birth was six miles to the south, near Hodgenville; where, says Mr. Lamon, "A few stones, tumbled down and lying about loose, still indicate the site of the mean and narrow tenement which sheltered the infancy of one of the greatest political chieftains of modern times." The date of his birth is February 12, 1809. On Muldrews Hill the scene of this Canto is laid.

WITHIN Kentucky's forest state,
That nestles intermediate
The North and Sunny South between,
There grew a boy of rustic mien,
In muscle strong, and bold in heart;—
Exempt from all deceptive art.

By nature's hand the child was bred,
Untutored in the ways that led
To wealth or luxury or fame,
Inherited by birth or name.

He played amongst his comrades wild,
The ruder sports that youth beguiled
From burdens of a riper year
That in the path of life appear;
As age the rising mind matures
Till wisdom's ways success secures.

One day he climbed the craggy crests,
Where eagles build their sheltered nests
Along the spurs of Muldrews Hill
That overhung the shadowed rill,
Whose face was dimpled by the springs
That gush and leap in misty flings
Through fissures in the dark ravine
Beneath an arch of foliage green.

And here he watched the night-hawk's flight,
And saw the sun go down at night,
As o'er the forest heights he stood,
Gazing above the leafy wood
That glittered there in colors bright
Of evening's evanescent light.

And soon the sun went down to rest
Behind the crimson-clouded West ;
The stars that softly shone in white
Soon deepened into golden light ;—

But lingered still the boy to gaze
Upon the constellationed maze,
And breathe the evening's mellow air,
As if a charm had brought him there
To hear the voices of the night
That whisper on the summit's height.

While in this mood, the spell-bound child
Stood sentinel upon the wild ;
A heavenly guardian chanced to fly
Around the circuit of the sky,
And saw him in his pensive glance,
As if entailed within a trance.

'Twas the Old Man ; whose spirit came,
For still we'll call him by that name ;
Although his flesh had turned to dust,
His soul reposed in heavenly trust.

And often to the earth he flew,
The scenes of mortal life to view,
Concealed within the shades of night,
That heavenly thoughts to us invite
In silence from each voiceless world,
That through ethereal space is hurled
More swiftly than the lightning's flash,
That from the clouds its thunders dash.

The Old Man, like a fairy coy,
In silence lingered round the boy
Till he had touched a vital nerve,
That made his will a purpose serve ;
A coming destiny to fill,
Maturing in the nation's will.

This roused him from his reverie,
Into his future years to see,
In mortal life, some noble aim
To memorize his earthly name.

While with these inspirations wrought,
Revolving in his inner thought,
The boy his devious paths retraced
Beneath the forest's leafy waste,
Through which the moonbeam's golden ray
In mottled radiance softly lay,
And trembled with the leafy wreath
That overspread the forest's heath,
And bowed before the evening breeze
That whispered through the forest trees.

The Old Man traveled by his side,
Voiceless, and still as eventide,
When o'er the earth its shadows creep
To hush the busy world to sleep.

New life now kindled in the boy ;
And far beyond his years of toy,

A quickened sense of honor came,
And grew within his youthful frame.

This pleased his heavenly guardian ;
Who watched him as he grew a man,
And led him through his youthful days,
Unspotted in its devious ways,
And charmed his destined earthy path
With many a change that fortune hath
In store for those whose matchless skill
Can lead a nation's sanguine will
Through all the throes of keen desire,
When conscience sets its heart on fire.

Transcendent o'er the laws of man,
This principle of truth began,
From sacred inspiration sprung ;
Its echoes fly from tongue to tongue,
And circulate from mind to mind,
In unity its strength to bind
Intact in one stupendous whole ;—
The genius of the nation's soul.

Rest, Abraham, beneath the shades
That fringe the virgin forest glades
That open to the sunny light
The scanty fields of harvest white,
Around the shades of Muldrews' crest,
The home your childish footsteps prest.
Rest there, beneath the heavenly care
That justly numbers every hair
That grows upon your youthful head,
While through the maze of life you tread —
The care whose vigils can recall
The wreck of worlds, the sparrow's fall—
Whose measure of omnipotence,
Virtue rewards with recompense.

CANTO XI.

The following is from the memorial address on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, delivered in the House of Representatives February 12, 1866, by George Bancroft, which is here inserted as a fitting introduction to the following Canto.

"That God rules in the affairs of men is as certain as any truth of physical science. On the great moving power, which is from the beginning, hangs the world of the senses and the world of thought and action. Eternal wisdom marshals the great procession of the nations, working in patient continuity through the ages, never halting and never abrupt, encompassing all events in its oversight, and ever affecting its will, though mortals may slumber in apathy or oppose with madness. Kings are lifted up or thrown down, nations come and go, republics flourish and wither, dynasties pass away like a tale that is told, but nothing is by chance, though men, in their ignorance of causes, may think so. The deeds of time are governed as well as judged, by the decrees of eternity. The caprice of fleeting existences bends to the immovable omnipotence, which plants its foot on all the centuries, and has neither change of purpose nor repose. Sometimes, like a messenger through the thick darkness of night, it steps along mysterious ways; but when the hour strikes for a people, or for mankind, to pass into a new form of being, unseen hands draw the bolts from the gates of futurity; an all-subduing influence prepares the minds of men for the coming revolution; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of providence rather than with human devices; and all hearts and all understandings, most of all the opinions and influences of the unwilling are wondrously attracted and compelled to bear forward the change, which becomes more an obedience to the law of universal nature than submission to the arbitrament of man.

"In the fullness of time a republic rose up in the wilderness of America. Thousands of years had passed away before this child of the ages could be born. From whatever there was of good in the systems of former centuries she drew her nourishment; the wrecks of the past were her warnings. With the deepest sentiment of faith fixed in her inmost nature, she disenthralled religion from bondage to temporal power, that her worship only in spirit and in truth. The wisdom which had passed from India through Greece, with what Greece had added of her own; the jurisprudence of Rome; the mediæval municipalities; the Teutonic method of representation; the political experience of England; the benignant wisdom of the expositors of the law of nature and of nations in France and Holland, all shed on her their selectest influence. She washed the gold of political wisdom from the sands wherever it was found; she cleft it from the rocks; she gleaned it among ruins. Out of all the discoveries of statesmen and sages, out of all the experience of past human

life, she compiled a perennial political philosophy, the primordial principles of national ethics. The wise men of Europe sought the best government in a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy; America went behind these names to extract from them the vital elements of social forms, and blend them harmoniously in the free commonwealth which comes nearest to the illustration of the natural equality of all men. She intrusted the guardianship of established rights to law, the movements of reform to the spirit of the people, and drew her force from the happy reconciliation of both.

"The choice of America fell on a man born west of the Alleghanies in the cabin of the poor people of Hardin county, Kentucky,—Abraham Lincoln.

"His mother could read, but not write; his father could do neither; but his parents sent him with an old spelling book to school, and he learned in his childhood to do both.

"When eight years old he, with his father and all their possessions, went to the shore of Indiana; and, child as he was, he gave help as they toiled through dense forests to the interior of Spencer county. There in the land of free labor, he grew up in a log cabin, with the solemn solitude for his teacher in his meditative hours.

"Of Asiatic literature he knew only the Bible; of Greek, Latin, and mediæval, no more than the translation of *Æsop's Fables*; of English, John Bunyan's '*Pilgrim's Progress*.' The traditions of George Fox and William Penn passed to him dimly along the lines of two centuries through his ancestors, who were Quakers. Otherwise his education was altogether American. The Declaration of Independence was his compendium of political wisdom, the '*Life of Washington*' his constant study, and something of Jefferson and Madison reached him through Henry Clay, whom he honored from boyhood. For the rest, from day to day, he lived the life of the American people, walked in its light, reasoned with its reason, thought with its power of thought, felt the beatings of its mighty heart, and so was in every way a child of nature, a child of the West, a child of America."

The scene of this Canto is laid in Perry county, Indiana, now Spencer county.

A LITTLE glade within the forest green,
Upon a gentle rise of ground is seen,
Beside the margin of the forest road;
And in the opening a cabin stood.

Here Abraham came in youth's expanding pith,
Amidst the spoils and amplitudes wherewith
The early pioneer his years employed,
By all luxurious vices unalloyed.

The youth was busy with his daily care,
The acres wild for culture to prepare,

And clear the farm the yellow corn to yield,
Or blossom with the flax the flowery field.

The era of log cabins in the West,
When settlers' feet the virgin forest prest,
Was, in the march of westward empire's way,
The most distinctive period of its day.

Here the young nation's late fledged wings were
stretched ;
Here were its growing bones and sinews fetched ;
Its youthful strength, its nervous force here spent,
And here its growing mind first took its bent
Amidst the wilds of nature's broad domain,
Majestic spread along the fallow plain.

One day there hither came a bride mature,*
A life of pioneering to endure,
Which sweetened by the mother love she bore
To Abraham—just spoken of before—
Atoned for many unsupplied demands
Expected from a mindful husband's hands.

Her cabin lacked the comfort of a floor,
And all its light came through the open door,
Or filtered through an oily-paper sheet,
A radiance dim its inmate's eye to greet.

The bride when introduced to such a place
Concealed her inward smart at the disgrace,
For she was bred beneath a kindlier roof ;
But yet against these trials she was proof.

* Abraham's mother had died two years after their emigration to Indiana, and his father two years later married a Mrs. Johnson, from Kentucky, his first place of residence. It is said that her affection for young Abraham was one of the inducements that made her consent to marry his father.

At her request a puncheon floor* was made,
 And in the cabin walls was neatly laid ;
 The window-frames with glass were soon supplied,
 While other comforts crowned the fireside ;
 Thanks to the labor of her willing hands
 Put forth to execute her prudent plans.

Young Abraham though awkward in his ways
 Possessed a gentle heart above all praise ;
 And loved this second mother more and more,
 As pleasantly her toilsome lot she bore,
 And oft his labors in her service spent,
 Were filial proofs of his devout intent.†

When metamorphosed thus their forest cot
 By wonders which industrious hands had wrought,
 One day, as evening's shadows lengthened fast,
 Before a carriage that was driving past,
 Fell a large oak across the traveled path,
 As if an angry whirlwind in its wrath

* A puncheon floor is made of logs split into halves, laid flat side upwards, the joint being matched with a broad-axe, and the surface smoothed with an adz.

† Says Mr. Lamon, the biographer of Abraham Lincoln, in speaking of his father's second wife (step-mother to Abraham from the age of nine years): * * * "She set about mending what was amiss with all her strength and energy. Her own goods furnished the cabin with tolerable decency. She made Lincoln put down a floor, and hang windows and doors. It was in the depth of winter, and the children, as they nestled in the warm beds she provided, enjoying the strange luxury of security from the cold winds of December, must have thanked her from the bottom of their newly comforted hearts. She had brought a son and two daughters of her own, John, Sarah, and Matilda, but Abe and his sister, Nancy (whose name was speedily changed to Sarah), the ragged and hapless little strangers to her blood, were given an equal place in her affections. They were half naked, and she clad them from the stores of clothing she had laid up for her own. * * * In her own modest language, she 'made them look more human.' She was a woman of great energy, of remarkable good sense, very industrious and saving, and also very neat and tidy in her person and manners, and knew exactly how to manage children. She took an especial liking to young Abe. Her love for him was warmly returned, and continued to the day of his death. * * * When in after years Mr. Lincoln spoke of his 'saintly mother,' and of his 'angel mother,' he referred to this noble woman."

Had hurled the monster to the trembling ground,
Recoiling dumbly under its rebound.
Its fall a marvel was to mortal eyes ;
And those who saw beheld it with surprise.
As Fate had willed it, Abraham was there
With ready hand, to help the traveling pair
So suddenly arrested on their way
Just at the closing of the fleeting day ;
The mother soon appearing to invite
The unexpected guests to spend the night.

Now all is bustle at the strange event
By which distinguished visitors were sent
To their abode, its frugal board to share ;
And soon the mother's dextrous hands prepare
A supper, tempting to the appetite,
Spread on a home-made cloth of matchless white.

The bread was made from corn, and sweet to taste ;
The meat was venison, shot from nature's waste,
With water-cresses from the limpid spring
Which there spontaneous grew for gathering ;
And honey taken from the forest's trees—
Delicious product of the native bees ;
While grapes and mulberries and haw,*
And other fruits the native forest saw,
In rich profusion crowned the evening feast,
Seasoned with welcome—last but not the least
Attraction found within the forest cot,
Which oft in vain through luxury is sought.

Do not forget for strangers to prepare,
For sometimes in them angels unaware †

* Not the red, but the black haw. It was a sweet fruit that grew on a shrub about ten feet high. The mulberry grew on a medium sized tree. It resembled a blackberry in shape.

† Hebrews, chap. xiii.

Are hidden in the flesh, through this disguise ;
As messengers that heaven to earth supplies ;
For who can tell how angels lead the will—
The purposes of heaven to fulfill ?

These guests were William, junior, and his wife,
Lydia, the artist, she whose wedded life
Thus far had in the forest wilds been spent
To give the rising mind a virtuous bent ;
The two were missionaries full of zeal,
The school to plant to guard the public weal.

Two other guests now came the cot within ;
'Twas Henry, with his Gheezhigdeenwateen ;
Strangers they were, but yet no cold reserve
Clouded the group some selfish end to serve,
But on a mission of benevolence,
Each guest gave vent to gentle words of sense.

Henry and William with a charm possessed,
Begot a mutual friendship in each breast,
Harmonious in its calm, impressive sphere,
That shed its light to all assembled here.

The noble mother felt her strength renew
By sweet communion in the interview,
That in her loneliness a chasm filled—
As if an angel had their visit willed.

And Abraham beheld each honored guest
As if by inspiration's light possessed—
Akin to what he felt when but a child
Alone he climbed the crest of Muldrews' wild.

Now twilight gray had turned to somber night ;
The soaring hawk had rested from his flight,
And canvased tents are pitched, in which each guest
Repaired the day's fatigue with grateful rest.

When Morpheus had enwrapt them in his arms,
The Old Man's spirit came with sacred charms ;
But first to Abraham he softly came,
To keep alive in him the living flame
That burned within the bosom of the child
Since first he saw him on the crested wild.

Then to the mother's couch he silent flew,
To warm her noble heart with love anew
For Abraham—the humble child of Fate,
That Destiny had marked to rule the state.

Now stealthily the sacred charm is sent
To fill the air within each sleeping tent—
When every inmate's mind began to dream,
And heavenly visions through their senses teem.

Henry beheld in William his own son ;
And felt again the love that first begun
The desolations of his path to cheer
With hope—too soon to die with frenzied fear.

The forest wild then stood before his eyes ;
His heart a wreck—his life a sacrifice ;
Then Gheezhigdeenwateen before him came,
A hapless victim to the tender flame,
When sympathy invites the wreckful pair
Their fortunes in this life in love to share.

Both dreamed the same ; and when they wakeful
grew,
Again their hearts are warmed with love anew.

Now o'er the couch of William subtly crept
Celestial visions as the couple slept ;
At first their mortal eyes were made to see
An angel pushing down the fallen tree
That yesterday before their vision fell,
As if prostrated by an unknown spell.

This done, the rustic figure of a youth
Before them stood—the champion of truth ;
'Twas Abraham ; whose patriarchal name
Gave hopeful earnest of a future fame.

And in their dreams there seemed some great design ;
That made them, when the morning came, incline
To greet again the tall, untutored boy,
Ingenuous in his speech, in manners coy.

And Lydia, thus impressed, her canvas drew,
And quickly on it sketched before his view
A figure ; showing justice true, but blind ;
With balanced scales to weigh what it defined.

This done, by way of charm, she paints a fly ;
Lit on the scales, illusive to the eye,
And to the youth the hasty picture gives —
Ideal of the soul where virtue lives.

Soon came the mother ; and a motion made
To scare the fly away from where it laid.

“ The fly’s too tame ;” then shouted Abraham ;
“ He’s only ‘ playing ’possum ’—just for sham :
Suppose to paint a wilder one you try ?
Then, mother, when you brush at him he’ll fly.”

Pleased at the joke, the company all smiled
To see the wit of the precocious child ;
Then Lydia from her satchel drew a book ;
And gave the youth to in its pages look,
To fill the interludes between his cares,
In learning what the youthful mind prepares
In later years to fill a broader field—
Perhaps the helm of state to ably wield.

Pending this dalliance, Gheezhigneenwateen
Sat musing pensively upon the scene :

Impressed with reverence in her inner view,
She felt the presence of a Manitou,*
Whose voice was singing through the forest trees,
Some fairy tale the listening ear to please.

And in its harmony she faintly hears
The angel voices from the heavenly spheres,
Speaking the name of her beloved son ;
Without her tender care his life begun.

And then a charm, the spirit to appease,
That hung unseen among the forest trees,
She gives to William ; in whose natural face
She sees her honored husband's manly grace,

And thus addressed him when she gave the toy :
" William, I am the mother of a boy
Whose wandering footsteps fickle fortune led
To old Muskingum's banks ; there to be bred
Among the customs of the conquering race
That, through the right of conquest, take our place.

Can you to him convey this sacred charm ?
The toy may save him from some threatened harm ;
With Henston, lives the child (well known to fame),
Among his kindred he's an honored name."

A quiet calm the mother now possessed,
Obedient to the Manitou's request.

William, surprised her simple tale to hear,
Which spoke of those who were to him so dear,
Promised in faith the mission to fulfill,
In harmony with her maternal will ;

* An Indian spirit. Longfellow, in "Hiawatha," spells it Manito, according to the Ojibwa pronunciation, but most of the Algonquin tribes pronounce it Manitou, the evidence of which may be found from the fact that La Hontan and other early French writers spell it thus.

And, in the presence of the company,
Received the token on his bended knee ;—
A mark of reverence to the offering due
From a maternal heart to virtue true.

Now Henry presses William to his breast
With a mysterious love that each confessed ;
Unknown the reason why that it should rise,
And destined to remain a strange surprise.

When sacred friendship meets, 'tis sad to part ;
Though brief, its toils will cling around the heart ;
Some kindly words, and looks of kindlier cast,
Some lingering thoughts as parting moments last ;
Good-bye, repeated oft and once again,
As hands clasp hands while sympathies remain ;
These were the partings on the following morn,
When light and forest shade the glebe adorn.

CANTO XII.

WILLIAM and Lydia now returned again
To old Muskingum's undulating plain;
Their welcome home with double pleasure smiled,
In contrast with the distant border wild.

And first, the faithful William promptly went
To Henston's house to give the token sent
To Swan—the child of Gheezhigdeenwateen;
By which the Indian mother's love was seen.

With filial thanks the child the gift received
As an inheritance to him bequeathed
From her whose love he ever had been taught
Should constant live in his reflective thought.

And though the lad had now to manhood grown,
Love for his race was bred within his bone,
To grow and gather strength as year on year
With all their changes in his path appear.

We'll overleap a brief hiatus now,
While time is making furrows round the brow
Of Henston, William, Alfred, and their wives—
The marks of honor due to virtuous lives.

While changes thus had been progressing fast,
Full three decades of flying time had past
Since their first advent to the distant West,
From the sweet homes their infant footsteps prest.

Part of their children had to manhood grown;
In all their minds their parents' virtues shone,

And in the interests of the growing West
Their sympathies by birthright were possessed.

And while these children grew to manhood's prime
Within the bounty of a western clime,
Cities and towns into existence sprung
The fertile western wilderness among.

From every eastern hamlet hither came
Experts in handicraft of every name ;
While freedom was the genius of each mind,
With industry and patriotism combined.

While these accomplishments grew in the land,
And in its growing youthful heart expand,
A counterpoise to freedom's lot is cast ;
And faintly on the ear the angry blast
Portentous comes before the southern breeze
Like a dread earthquake in the trembling seas.

When night in quietude is reigning round,
And naught is heard except the creaking sound
Of crickets in their tedium of song,
In unremitting vigils shrill and long,
The Fairies gather on the village green ;
And round they fly in subtle forms unseen,
While with their chimes the fields and forest ring ;
Unheard by mortal ears they shout and sing.

One night they came, as oft they'd come before,
To hold their revels round the cottage door
Where slept Permilla, to inspire her dreams,
And lead her in the path where pleasure gleams,
When one coy Fairy through the keyhole crept,
And found the chamber where Permilla slept ;
Then hovering round her couch disarmed the spell
That made her deaf to what the Fairies tell,

And hied him back among the unwitting Fays
To sing in secret their prophetic lays.

FIRST FAIRY.

Ten boys were playing on the green to-day
Accoutred in a uniform of gray ;
And valiantly they charged the mimic foe,
Who, like themselves, stood in a martial row
Like hostile armies on the battle plain,
Their country's cause and honor to sustain.
The charge was fierce, and tenor voices high
Yelled out they'd win the field or bravely die ;
And hand to hand the troopers young engage,
And with a wrestle now the battle wage ;
Most stubbornly the youngsters' muscles strain
Goodnaturedly the tested field to gain ;
For neither wished to turn the limber heel
And tarnish all the honor that they feel.
In this extremity I interpose
Among the tired little wrestling foes,
And stealthily I hurl upon the ground
The boastfulest that in their ranks is found ;
This turned the fickle fortune of the day
And gave the victory in the heated fray
Where modest merit in her strength retires
In silence from the battle's hostile fires.
Ah ! little knew the children of this fight
That soon a contest to decide the right
Would fan the burning flames of real strife
In which one of these boys should lose his life.

SECOND FAIRY.

Oh fie ! Oh fie ! to talk of battle's fray
When quiet reigns along our flowery way !
For Cupid we will work and not for Mars,
Who frowns upon us from the evil stars.

FIRST FAIRY.

Yes, Sister Fay, for Cupid we will sing,
And to his altar still our offerings bring ;
But if grim Mars we never can appease,
And if he frowns when we attempt to please,
In vain our arts against his might we ply ,
In vain we sing, in vain to him we cry ;
For what are we against his powerful arm
Transcendent raised above our feeble charm,
When nations follow in his bloody wake,
And fields beneath the tramp of armies shake?

THIRD FAIRY.

Well, let him have his reign, 'twill only last
While vengeful blows the bugle's angry blast ;
Then peace will follow in her happy train,
And we shall sing once more the soft refrain
Above the bloody fields of battle's strife,
And taste again the sweets of social life.

ALL THE FAIRIES.

Then flash the brilliant saber,
Ye valiant boys in blue ;
While with the pains of labor
The nation groans anew.

And tramp the fields of glory,
As onward still ye go,
And shout the battle story,
Till vanquished is the foe.

Then comes the day of ransom,
When soft the bugle's strain,
And home is dear, and handsome
The hearth-stone—once so plain.

And now with plenty brimming
Your basket and your store,

The ship of state you're trimming
To sail as e'er before.

And then again we'll muster
Around the cottage door ;
And treasures there will cluster
When war shall be no more.

The soft melody of the Fairy song had ceased, and Permilla awoke. Every word they sung she remembered. Was it a dream? If so, it was a sensuous one. A divination into the future—thought Permilla; and yet some mysterious reason, unknown even to herself, put the seal of silence upon her lips; and, in secret, she saw in her vivid imagination the bullets pierce the bodies of the soldiery, the crimson stream, the groan, heard the last whisper of some loved name, and saw the last quiver in death's embrace. Then came the triumphant yells of the victors, the flight of the vanquished, the pursuit, the night bivouac, the hospital, the tears of a loved one safely passed through the enemy's lines to win from death a lover, or press his cold hand when the last agony came. This patomime haunted her day and night—till again she heard a Fairy song of consolation in her sleep.

Two forces through all nature run ;
And ever since the world begun,
Have balanced up the slow arrears,
That on the balance sheet appears
Against the rectitudes of man,
Whose actions, God alone can scan.

And when the griefs of life are past,
And safe in heaven your lot is cast,
Then you shall see the good and ill
That human destinies fulfill ;

Though oft in hidden footsteps trod
The path that marks the will of God.

Permilla's mind soon settled into a quiet calm. She was aged, but the tender emotions of youth had never forsaken her ; and from beneath her locks of gray went forth a glow of sympathy that drew around her the most precious associations of life. To all others she was a stranger.

The evils that roll over the great ocean of humanity were only known to her in the distance far away ; for it seemed impossible that they could exist in her presence, where all was harmony and consolation and peace. No other influences could live where she dwelt, any more than the finny tribe could play on the mountain tops. Hers was an earthly throne of grace, at the foot of which the heart of haughty ambition toned into veneration and humility before her power — mysterious as it was unconscious to herself.

In the physical forms of the vegetable kingdom we see the huge trunk supporting the mistletoe, the sweet scented parasite whose tendrils pierce the hide of the monster and crown its deformity with beauty. So is it in the world of thought ; in all its ambitions, passions, and affections, its contending emotions, deep and impressive, good and bad, it is the magic power of the mind that is the crowning glory of all.

Wealth, unaccompanied with social graces, wraps itself up in a panoply of selfishness, and bidding defiance to the world, lies down and dies for the benefit of its sycophants. This is the lower gradation of the social world, above which the mistress or master of human affections soars like an angel, invulnerable to earthly ills and when the old casket

that holds their jewels of thought is worn out, the gates are thrown wide open, through which the higher forms of life are reached immortal.

After Permilla's dream she seemed gifted with a new power. Calmly she moved around in her accustomed sphere, carrying along with her a little world of tranquillity that made everybody around her happy. The power of a queen and the innocence of a child were so fittingly blended in her, that whoever stood before her felt a consciousness that she could pierce the secrets of their soul; and at the same time a confidence in her fidelity to cover them with a veil of charity, if they needed it.

Lightly the earth, her gentle footsteps prest,
Towards the brink of Time's revolving tide;
In peace and quietude her soul possessed,
Till o'er its wave she sees the other side.

CANTO XIII.

'Twas autumn, when the sun was low,
The western sky was in a glow,
And forest shades were lengthening slow
Along the fields of harvesting.

The birds had gathered now in flocks,
The ripened wheat was in the shocks,
And leafless stood the withered stalks
Of summer's growth perennial.

The boys were busy in the fields
To gather in their annual yields,
And each his flashing sickle wielded
Against the yellow cereal.

And now along the winding lead,
So somber with the frosted reed,
Permilla ambling on her steed
Appears among the harvesters.

Each on the earth his sickle threw,
And gently to her presence drew
With all the courtesy they knew,
To pay to her allegiance.

These lads were William's youngest sons ;
Whose fortune through the story runs,
And since their growth from little ones
Were taught to love Permilla.

Well pleased were they to see her there ;
To in their work an interest share,
Or teach them with a mother's care
By precept and example.

Now bowed each lad his willing head,
A few good words the matron said,
And from the field her way she led
In tranquil meditation.

And as she from the field withdrew
Ten thousand Fairies round her flew ;
Unheard, unseen to mortal view,
As round her way they hovered.

Outside this group of flying Fays,
Two angels in the mystic maze
In silence on Permilla gaze,
As slowly she retired.

When upward turns Permilla's eye
She sees the Fairies round her fly ;
And hears the angel voices cry
Beyond the group of Fairies.

They call her o'er the peaceful stream
That earth and heaven rolls between,
And verifies the happy dream
That crowns the life eternal.

Calmly Permilla's upward gaze
Beheld the welkin in a blaze—
The twilight of her earthly days
With golden hues resplendent.

“From earth to heaven ere you fly,
Go speak the gentle word, good-by” ;—
Said angel voices from on high,
When bowed the good Permilla.

And toward the house of William bent —
Her pilgrimage so nearly spent:
Happy and peacefully she went
To take her leave of William.

Lest heaven's will she should reveal,
Her careful words the truth conceal,
As fast the parting moments steal
O'er time and sense now fleeting.

She longed to clasp him as her son;
Still prudence to her rescue clung,
And put the seal upon her tongue,
Till heaven should loose the bondage.

Her hand upon his head she laid,
And with a mother's heart conveyed
In spirit what her tongue forbade,
And gave her parting blessing.

Then homeward turned her thoughtful way,
A farewell tribute there to pay,
Where all her earthly treasures lay,
Which she must soon surrender.

"Dear Henston," said the loving wife,
"Your tenderness has made my life
A living stream of nuptial joy—
Exempt from all the rough alloy
That tarnishes the marriage cup,
When gilded visions fill it up
With vanities that fade away
Like vapors in the morning ray.

The path to happiness is free;
And far less difficult to see
Than are the complicated snares
That fill the path of peace with cares;

To grasp at some illusive height
That vanishes beyond the sight,
As lengthened are the flying years,
And youth is left in past arrears.

If worthy deeds our lives endow,
Then age may crown our wrinkled brow
With peace and consolation true,
As heaven is dawning on our view;
And calmly as a night's repose,
Our earthly pilgrimage will close.

While thus Permilla spake, she saw
The Fairies round her presence draw
To shield her from the angel's scythe,
Who gathers oft the mortal tithe
From every shore and every clime,
To pay its debt to rolling time.

And nearer still the angel came;
And brighter glowed the heavenly flame
That round her like a nimbus shone,
Celestial from the sacred throne.

Slowly she winged her way along
Amidst the jealous Fairy throng,
Who still around Permilla clung
With plaintive voice and silvery tongue,
To fling about some subtle charm
To stay the angel's lifted arm.

In vain their murmuring voices cried,
In vain with heavenly power they vied;
The angel touched Permilla's form,
And silent grew the current warm
Which fed a palpitating heart
That never knew a sinful art.

CANTO XIV.

The following bit of history is copied from Lamon's "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 36, etc., as a fitting introduction to this Canto:

"Abe never went to school again in Indiana or elsewhere. Mr. Turnham tells us that he had excelled all his masters, and it was 'no use' for him to attempt to learn anything from them. But he continued his studies at home, or wherever he was hired out to work, with a perseverance which showed that he could scarcely live without some species of mental excitement. Abe loved to lie under a shade-tree, or up in the loft of the cabin, and read, cypher, and scribble. At night he sat by the chimney 'jamb' and cyphered, by the light of the fire, on the wooden fire shovel. When the shovel was fairly covered, he would shave it off with Tom Lincoln's drawing-knife, and begin again. In the day-time he used boards for the same purpose, out of doors, and went through the shaving process everlastingly. His step-mother repeats often, that 'he read every book he could lay his hands on.' She says 'Abe read diligently. He read every book he could lay his hands on; and, when he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would rewrite it, look at it, repeat it. He had a copy book, a kind of scrap-book, in which he put down all things, and thus preserved them.'

"John Hanks came out from Kentucky when Abe was fourteen years of age, and lived four years with the Lincolns. We cannot describe some of Abe's habits better than John has described them for us: 'When Lincoln—Abe and I—returned to the house from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of cornbread, take down a book, sit down in a chair, cock his legs up high as his head, and read. He and I worked barefooted, grubbed it, plowed, mowed, and cradled together; plowed corn, gathered it, and shucked corn. Abraham read constantly when he had an opportunity.' Among the books upon which Abe 'laid his hands,' were 'Æsop's Fables,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a 'History of the United States,' and Weems' 'Life of Washington.' All these he read many times, and transferred extracts from them to the boards and the scrap-book. He had procured the scrap-book because most of his literature was borrowed, and he thought it profitable to take copious notes from the books before he returned them.

"At home, with his step-mother and the children, he was the most agreeable fellow in the world. 'He was always ready to do everything for everybody.' When he was not doing some special act of kindness, he told stories or 'cracked jokes.' He was full of his yarns in Indiana as ever he was in Illinois.' Dennis Hanks was a clever hand at the same business, and so was old Tom Lincoln. Among them they must have made things very lively during the long winter evenings for John Johnston and the good old lady and the girls.

"Mrs. Lincoln was never able to speak of Abe's conduct to her with-

out tears. In her interview with Mr. Herndon, when the sands of her life had nearly run out, she spoke with deep emotion of her own son, but said she thought that Abe was kinder, better, truer than the other. Even the mother's instinct was lost as she looked back over those long years of poverty and privation in the Indiana cabin, where Abe's grateful love softened the rigors of her lot, and his great heart and giant frame were always at her command. 'Abe was a poor boy,' said she, 'and I can say what scarcely one woman—a mother—can say in a thousand, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I requested him. I never gave him a cross word in all my life.' His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together. He was here after he was elected President (at this point the aged speaker turned away to weep, and then wiping her eyes with her apron, went on with the story). He was dutiful to me always. I think he loved me truly. I had a son, John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys; but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see. I wish I had died when my husband died. I did not want Abe to run for President; did not want him elected; was afraid somehow,—felt in my heart; and when he came down to see me, after he was elected President, I still felt that something told me that something would befall Abe, and that I should see him no more.' Is there anything in the language we speak more touching than that simple plaint of the woman whom we must regard as Abraham Lincoln's mother? The apprehension in her 'heart' was well grounded. She 'saw him no more.' When Mr. Herndon rose to depart, her eyes again filled with tears; and, wringing his hands as if loath to part with one who talked so much of her beloved Abe, she said, 'Good-by, my good son's friend. Farewell.'

THE youth still plied his daily toil,
To chop the trees and till the soil;
But in his hours of needed rest
His mind was in his books possessed.

And while the towering forest oaks
Fell under his repeated strokes,
Chitty's and Blackstone's volumes laid
Beside him in the forest shade.

These were the pastime of his hours
To discipline his mental powers;
And thus he grew a rustic man,
Par excellence, in limb and span;
Brimming with nature's comely grace,
Reflected through his genial face,
Transcendent o'er his awkward ways
That marked him in his childhood days.

As years advanced his talents grew,
Till all the cares of state he knew—
Secreted in his rising mind,
With jocularly combined,
Adapted to the popular heart
When he should act his destined part
A turmoil now throughout the land
Disturbed the work our fathers planned;
From far and near and all around,
There comes a threatening, murmuring
 sound;
And every tongue is bold and strong
And eager to avenge a wrong.
Who now can tell the destined end
That heaven shall through these discords
 send?
By its decrees the plan was known,
And by its fiat must be shown.
For who on earth the future sees
Through the dark veil of mysteries
That shadows every human eye
That's born to live and learn and die?
And did we know the end of life,
Then neither harmony nor strife
Could nerve the arm or soothe the soul,
As changeless o'er our heads they'd roll.
When the Old Man to earth was sent,
His mission was through heaven's intent;
To him was given the sacred power
To choose the man to meet the hour.
Full half a century before,
He'd dallied on the grassy shore

Where Michigan's blue waters lave
The western beach that greets its wave.

There met two little placid streams;
That mirrored evening's moonlight beams,
And then they slow and softly creep
Together to the rolling deep.*

Here, mused the Old Man, is the spot
Where freedom's hosts shall cast their lot
In solemn council, to restore
The fruits our Declaration bore.

And here a consecrated seed
He plants to fruit in time need;
And on the spot a temple rose,†
Defiant to rebellious foes.

And when the council in it met,
Though subtle wiles its fires beset,
It chose the naïve and honest man
To act as freedom's champion;
Whose walk in life had only known
The way that heavenly light had shown,
Since, in his childish dalliance,
The Old Man charmed him in a trance,
When over Muldrews' heights he stood
Gazing above the leafy wood;
And trained him up to fill a place
To liberate a servile race.

When all the hopes of peace expire,
Behold a nation's youthful fire

* The topography of Chicago is here given, as it was in a state of nature as late as 1820.

† The Chicago Wigwam, in which Abraham Lincoln was nominated in 1860 as candidate for President of the United States. It was built by subscription for that express purpose.

Gird on its armor for the fight;
Each faction to defend the right,
As each the tangled issue saw,
Through justice, or the forms of law.

The forum, press, and pulpit rose,
And threw the challenge to their foes
Respectively, as each forswears
Devotion to their state's affairs.

And youth by thousands take the field,
The sword for freedom's cause to wield;
The battle's pitched on many a plain,
And thousands number with the slain.
And still the conflict rages more,
As gushing flows the crimson gore;
And thus the bloody issue hung,
While vengeance breathes from every tongue;
And gleams from every flashing eye
That meets the foe to win or die.

A million men are in the field;
And still the end is unrevealed,
But trembles in the equal fight
That's waged between the wrong and right.

What use of valor can be made,
When soldiers draw the battle blade,
Unless the higher law supplies
The altar for the sacrifice?

How many valiant youth shall fall
Where battle spreads its fatal pall,
Till justice turns the trembling scale;
And makes the cause of right prevail?

But yet again the nation strives
Unmindful of the soldiers' lives,

To save the Union as of yore,
With all the fruits that slavery bore.

And war's alarms and havoc spread,
While march the living o'er the dead;
And bullets hiss, and sabers flash,
As onward still the armies dash
Into the jaws of instant death,
With vengeance streaming in each breath.

When vain illusions seize the brain,
What virtue can restore again
Repose to a distempered mind,
Alike to grace and justice blind,
Till God shall raise his chastening hand
To make his subjects understand
The higher law that circumvents
All evil laws of man's intents?

But while in heaven the decree
To loose the bonds of slavery
Had been within its councils made
Before its fiat is conveyed
To Abraham's reflecting mind,
Behold him to its will resigned,
Sitting alone in pondering mood
In the relief of solitude;
When, gently tapping at his door,
The usher to his presence bore
A letter with a time-worn seal;
As if its contents might reveal
A plan, his wavering steps to guide,
When justice still the state defied.

A man of sober thought and years
Had held the same through time's arrears;
It was a family heritage
That Henston's wife, mature with age,

Presented as a gift to Swan,
To keep when she from earth had gone.

It told of what an angel said
In visions hovering o'er her head,
When gentle night had come again,
And in her mind a calm refrain
Saw acting on the stage of life,
Its harmonies beset with strife,
And thus the revelation ran
To teach the will of God to man.

When vain ambitions seize the mind
To human rights and justice blind,
And loud its boastful voice resounds
Amidst the scenes where vice abounds,
What power can check the rising tide
To evil sympathies allied?

See then a power behind the veil,
With subtle force the power assail
That boasting man has improvised—
Beneath the forms of law disguised.

The nation, whose sublimest boast
Is freedom, spread from coast to coast,
With slavery's toils in her embrace,
The paradox she must efface,
If still in her integrity
Her flag shall wave from sea to sea.

And when this issue shall be made,
And might against the right's arrayed,
Then vain pretension comes to grief;
And truth and justice find relief
In giving freedom to the slave,
The state's integrity to save."

While Lincoln mused upon this charge,
He felt the force of truth enlarge;
And wondering, raised his fixed eyes,
When he beheld a new surprise:—

A charm that he had seen before—
The same that William, junior, bore
To Swan — of Neenwateen, the child
On whose chance lot had fortune smiled.

The charm was as a voucher shown;
A reminiscence to make known
The bearer of the message brought,
Prophetic in reflective thought.

It was a link from youth to age—
A harbinger of good presage,
With youth and age and heaven allied
With liberty on virtue's side.

And now the thoughts of boyish years
Flew backward into time's arrears;
A sweet but transient recompense
For toiling years through time and sense,
Through which, the nation's type he stood,
In ill report as well as good.

Now Swan his meditation broke,
And thus in earnest accents spoke.

“ With your consent the spy I'll play
Where hostile rebels stand at bay;
My Indian blood and swarthy face
Will pass me free from place to place;
And I will counsel with the slaves
To act the part of Indian braves
Upon the tested battle-field,
The sword of liberty to wield.

This charm my ventured life will save,
Till o'er the land your flag shall wave."

Lincoln assented to the plan,
And thence his dangerous work began.

Again youth's scenes before them fly,
As comes the parting word, "good-bye."

Next came the night; when sleep repairs
The toils of flesh, of mind the cares,
When o'er the couch where Lincoln slept
The spirit of Permilla crept.

Unfelt, she touched his sleeping brain,
Then hied away to heaven again.

Once more the sun proclaims the day,
Reviving through the eastern gray;
A calm is on the troubled sea,
And silence reigns along the lea,
Impressive with a subtle power,
Transcendent in the eventful hour.

Emancipation is proclaimed!—
The shackles fall—the slave's unchained!

We'll now return to Wawbezee,*
His chances of success to see.

The Union lines he passes through,
And leaves behind the coats of blue;
Then throws his Union pass away,
Lest he should meet the rebel gray.

Next, in the hut he shelters safe,
Where lies concealed the servile waif.

*Swan, whose Indian name was Wawbezee, which latter he now assumed as a prudential measure.

Who, guided by the polar star,
Creeps on to freedom's gates ajar.

And here in this concealed recess
In council sits, through war's duress,
The bondman waiting for the day
When they can join the hostile fray.

For even then, their visions see
The dawn of rising liberty
Reflecting through the morning air,
In answer to their earnest prayer;
And freedom's virgin fires flame
Within their hearts in Lincoln's name.

Now further on Wawbezee goes,
A spy among the rebel foes,
Protected by the faithful slaves
Whosé councils held in dens and caves,
In secret ponder on the hour
When Lincoln, coming in his power,
Shall raise aloft the magic wand
To strike the fetters from each hand.

Wawbezee went from place to place ;
His passport being Lincoln's face
In tin-type miniature shown—
Sacred to freedom's cause alone ;
Among the colored race he saw
Disciples of the higher law.

This type was with a charm possessed ;—
The star of hope for the oppressed ;—
The rising star of Bethlehem—
Redemption's patriarchal gem.

And who can wonder that the slave,
Who only saw and felt to crave

What he had never called his own,
Should improvise a vestal throne—
In imagery, a vision sweet,
With Lincoln in its sacred seat—
The champion of the colored race,
To raise them to their equal place
Among the people of the earth,
Above them by the rights of birth?

His tintype was a chaliced prize;
An altar for a sacrifice;
A staff on which their hopes might lean
In emblematic figure seen.

And even o'er the ocean went
The all prevailing sentiment
Of reverence for Lincoln's face—
The Moses of the colored race:

Where, in the realms of savage sway,
Far in the depths of Africa,
His miniature is treasured there
Incarnate—and with pious care.*

* The following letter is here quoted to verify this:

“CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 27, 1880.

RUFUS BLANCHARD:

Dear Sir,—Since you first informed me that you were writing a poem on Abraham Lincoln, I have been reminded of an incident, which shows in a peculiar and remarkable manner, the estimation in which that great emancipator is held among the barbarians; and illustrating in a way more eloquent than words can utter, the importance in the grand march of human progress of the one great and sublime act of his life. In 1874 I was introduced at my office in this city to Mr. Nimrod Lancaster, a gentleman of character and veracity well known to some of our best citizens, and who now resides in the Black Hills. Mr. Lancaster is a great traveler; and has visited almost every portion of the known world. He had then just returned from Africa; and held in his possession a large quantity of diamonds (the same that were unlawfully seized that year in the New York custom-house, and so widely noticed by the press) which he had obtained in that country. In the course of his wanderings he had penetrated the most remote regions of that unexplored land; and he stated that in every instance, among tribes that had never seen a white man except Livingston, they were familiar with the name of Lincoln, and many

Now, in the depths of rebel wiles,
Wawbezee's star of fortune smiles;
The boys in blue are coming there,
And "Hail Columbia" fills the air
With martial notes of music flung,
With Hallelujah, from each tongue.

'Twas Sherman's army;—marching through,
Clad in the all prevailing blue—
Harmonious with the azure skies
That, cloudless, greet our upturned eyes.

When night had come his camp-fires blaze,
As evening spreads her twilight haze;
And Wawbezee sought Sherman's side,
For his subsistence to provide.

The password given, all was right;—
In counsel then. they spend the night;
And Wawbezee enlists as scout,
To pioneer him on his route
Toward the broad Atlantic sea,
Where stood at bay the enemy.

The slave now in the Union field,
The coming issue is revealed:
But still the valiant rebels fight
As if their cause was just and right;
And challenge from their Union foes
The praise that only courage knows.

of them were in possession of his likeness; which consisted of small ferrotypes such as were used in his presidential campaigns. These were treasured by their chiefs as the most sacred relics; and only exhibited on rare occasions. Mr. Lancaster said that he found this equally true of the liberated serfs of Russia; and both Africans and Russians could sing "John Brown;" each holding Lincoln in the same estimation in which Christ is held by christian nations. The foregoing is the substance of Mr. Lancaster's statement.

Yours respectfully,

D. H. FLETCHER.

But their unhappy lot is cast
Among the shadows of the past,
That vanish in a riper age,
When progress marks the written page
That runs with flying time abreast
With Empire's star toward the West.

And when the sacrifice is spent,
And silent is each battlement,
And every hostile gun is still
That bristles from the tented hill,
And homeward bound the soldiers go
And leave behind a conquered foe,
Then prouder yet the flag doth wave
Above a land without a slave.

And, "buried in oblivion deep
Let all the transient vengeance sleep
That flamed above a sense of right
To fire the soldiers in the fight ;—"
Said Lincoln, in the charity
That God and angels best can see.

CANTO XV.

'Twas evening;—when the softened light
Of stars was shining o'er the lea;
And calm and peaceful as the night,
Triumphant rose a sense of right
When victory crowned the challenged fight
In many a bloody revelry.

'Twas evening;—when its sweet repose
Invites the weary form to rest;
And, in the strength that justice knows,
A nation's grateful heart arose
In silent force above its foes,
To hush to peace each angry breast.

'Twas evening;—when the watch-word
spread,
“Malice to none, and charity,”
Rest on the living and the dead,
Who sleep on battle's gory bed,
Till foul revenge and hate hath fled—
While millions join the jubilee.

'Twas evening;—when recoil so sweet
Above the din of care unbends;
When Lincoln turned his willing feet
To revel in a glad retreat,
And in a social group to meet
In joyous fellowship his friends.

But while those evening shadows last,
So gently flung upon the plain,
Again the throes of death are cast;
Again revives the hostile blast,
Revengeful of the bloody past,
And Lincoln falls! a victim slain!—

Then, trembling on the magic wire,
Throughout the land the tidings run;
And weeps afresh the aged sire,
And pathos tunes the mellow lyre,
And vengeance gleams from eyes of fire—
Revenge! Revenge! the deed is done.

Across the deep the tidings went,
To peasant, prince, and royal king;
And spread through every continent—
How fell the martyr President,
When carnage on the field was spent;
And peace had made her offering.

Then tolled the muffled funeral bell
In every hamlet in the land—
The honors of his life to tell—
How in the cause of right he fell
The victim of a fiendish spell—
The victim of a vengeful hand.

The willow sighing o'er his grave,
And the perennial laurels bloom,
Mark where the bravest of the brave—
The champion of the servile slave,
Who lived and died his land to save—
Rests in his peaceful, honored tomb.

Time may roll on his endless chain,
And revolution spread her pall—
Still, o'er his dust a calm refrain

Majestic there shall ever reign,
Where rises on the grassy plain
The monument that marks his fall.

America, here is thy shrine;—
To be bequeathed to future years—
A light from age to age to shine
Illustrious in the great design,
Which human nature, through divine,
Hath hallowed by a nation's tears.

Time's footprints write his eulogy,
Recorded on its shining shore—
That future millions yet to be,
In passing by its rolling lea,
May, on its living tablet, see
The fruits his inspiration bore.

This monument that loyal hands have made
Rises above his tenement of clay :—
Ideal of the homage to be paid
To thought and actions in the life displayed
Of him whose will the golden rule obeyed
(The TYPE and GENIUS of AMERICA).

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